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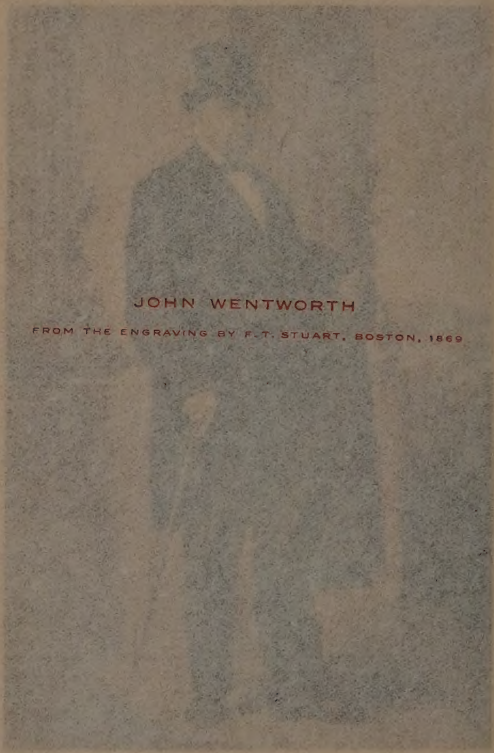
Reminiscences *of* Early Chicago

The Lakeside Classics

Reminiscences *of* Early Chicago

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
MABEL McILVAINE

The Lakeside Press, Chicago
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
CHICAGO MCMXII



JOHN WENTWORTH

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY F. T. STUART, BOSTON, 1869

The Lakeside Classics

Reminiscences *of* Early Chicago

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
MABEL McILVAINE

The Lakeside Press, Chicago
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
CHRISTMAS, MCMXII

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Publishers' Preface

THE great interest aroused a year ago by the publication of the Autobiography of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard in the annual volume of The Lakeside Classics has influenced the publishers to seek more material pertaining to the pioneer days of Chicago as the subject for this year's volume. Unfortunately no one work of appropriate size and sustained interest has been found available; but in the selections from the writings of Charles Fenno Hoffman and Harriet Martineau, two talented travelers who visited Chicago when it was a village, in an historical address by John Wentworth, and in the reminiscences of Mr. Wentworth, Mr. J. Y. Scammon, and Judge John Caton at the Old Settlers' Reunion of the Calumet Club in 1879 the publishers believe they have found material that teems with the spirit of the days of early Chicago, and gives an intimate picture of what Chicago really was in the thirties.

To Miss Mabel McIlvaine is due great credit for her untiring efforts in searching out these selections from the great mass of material in the library of the Chicago Historical Society, and for her Introduction. Acknowledgment is also due the officers of the Calumet Club

Publishers' Preface

for permission to print the three selections from the report of the Old Settlers' Reunion, and to Mr. Moses J. Wentworth for the copy from which the portrait of his uncle is reproduced as a frontispiece.

The subject-matter of these little volumes and the fact that they began their annual appearance ten years ago is liable to obscure the purpose of their production,—to furnish a concrete example of how useful and good a book can be made at small expense. The fact that they are the work of the indentured apprentices of The Lakeside Press gives them additional interest in these days of agitation for vocational education. The book is not for sale, but at this kindly season is sent to the friends and patrons of The Press with the good wishes of

THE PUBLISHERS.

CHRISTMAS, 1912.

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Introduction

Introduction

THE history of Chicago in the early portion of its cityhood is, to a large extent, the history of the American frontier in the thirties and early forties. Hence a study of early Chicago's people and institutions is of more than local interest. To the Chicago Historical Society we are indebted for the privilege of reprinting, from rare volumes in their possession, such matter as illustrates this theme from the viewpoint of a well-known New York writer, of an Englishwoman of letters, and of three typical Chicagoans.

Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman, M. A., from whose *Winter in the West* we have selected the portion about Chicago, was born in New York in 1806, graduated from Columbia College, and in 1827 was admitted to the bar. From 1833 to 1847 he was editorially connected with *The American Monthly Magazine*, founded *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, edited *The New York Mirror*, and, in 1846–47, instituted *The Literary World*. His *Winter in the West*, published first in the form of letters in *The American Monthly*, was in 1835 brought out in book form in New York and London, under the pseudonym "A New Yorker." It filled two duodecimo volumes, from the first of which

our selections are made. Poet and novelist, as well as editor, Mr. Hoffman was, at the time of his visit to Chicago, beginning to be regarded as one of America's foremost litterateurs. Oddly enough, however, it is by his two early books of travel, *A Winter in the West*, and *Wild Life in Forest and Prairie*, that he is best known to-day. Mr. Hoffman had, in youth, lost a leg through an accident, but had persisted with athletic exercise, and made the trip to Chicago on horseback. Of his adventures by the way and of his impressions on his arrival we shall learn in the pages that follow.

The next visitor of note to Chicago from whom we have derived a picture of the early conditions here, was no less a personage than Miss Harriet Martineau, the distinguished English authoress. In the preface to her work on *Society in America*, published in 1837, she states that her object in coming to this country was "to compare the existing state of society in America with the principles upon which it was professedly founded." In her *Autobiography*, written long years after, she states that her own choice for a title to the book was "Theory and Practice of Society in America" —obviously implying a doubt of our adherence to those principles. It must be remembered that when she came to this country, in 1834, America was in the utmost confusion on the subject of slavery — a question which England

had practically settled at that time. Miss Martineau, in response to urgent request, at a meeting in favor of Abolition expressed some sentiments in favor of equality of the races, and was reported as being an advocate of *Amalgamation*.

Too considerate and too courageous to be intimidated by this, however, Miss Martineau continued her tour of the country, visiting all sections, and remaining two years. As the author of the thirty-four-volume series of *Illustrations of Political Economy*, besides numerous tales for the young, and as the friend of such men as Carlyle, James Stuart Mill, Hallam, Grote, Browning, Coleridge, and most of the other great names in English politics and letters — herself, notwithstanding her deafness, a woman of much social grace — Miss Martineau was well received by all people of larger vision. Her interest in political matters led her to Washington for the session of Congress, where she was sought out by the eminent men of all parties, among them Chief Justice Marshall, Ex-President Madison, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, and Daniel Webster. Then followed a trip through the South while the Virginia Legislature was in session, a long visit at the home of Dr. Channing in Newport, and a winter in Boston during the session of the Massachusetts Legislature.

"My last journey," she wrote in the Introduction to *Society in America*, from which work

we reprint the part devoted to Chicago, "was with a party of friends far into the West, visiting Niagara again, proceeding by Lake Erie to Detroit, and across the territory of Michigan. Here we swept around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to Chicago, went a day's journey down into the prairies, back to Chicago, and by Lakes Michigan, Huron, and St. Clair to Detroit, visiting Mackinaw by the way, and returned to New York from Pittsburg by the canal route through Pennsylvania and the railroad over the Alleghanies."

That Miss Martineau included Chicago in her itinerary is matter of congratulation to its inhabitants. In her clear prose are presented invaluable portraits of some of our local heroes and heroines, and the social atmosphere of the place is preserved. In the "wife of the Indian agent," with whom she dined, we recognize Mrs. John H. Kinzie, the authoress of *Waubun*, and in what follows, the latter's version of the Fort Dearborn massacre. In speaking of the land speculation in Chicago, which was at its height during her visit, Miss Martineau mentions a young "lawyer" who had been "realizing $500 per day for five days by merely making out land titles." This lawyer has been identified by Mr. Augustus H. Burley and by Fernando Jones as Isaac N. Arnold, the friend of Lincoln and founder of a family which is still of social prominence in Chicago. In the

"town crier"—a familiar figure in the streets—has been recognized "Darkey George," or George White, whose office took the place of a newspaper in announcing land sales.

It is evident that Chicago was doing her best to entertain the distinguished guest, for besides the "fancy fair" given on the evening of her arrival, Mr. Jones used to speak of going with his sister to meet Miss Martineau at the home of William B. Ogden, the mayor, and Mr. Burley told of a reception being held for her at the home of Mrs. John Wright, "at the point where Madison Street and Michigan Avenue now meet," adding that there was then no other house between that point and Fort Dearborn on the river bank. At that time Mr. Burley was quizzed a little about "getting into a literary circle," but explained, with his usual wit, that he had come to Chicago a short time before and entered his brother's book store, hence "knew enough book titles to put on literary airs." He added that Chicagoans of that time were "fully aware of Miss Martineau's importance in the literary world," and that "her manners left a favorable impression." In this connection it is interesting to note Miss Martineau's own comment: "There is some allowable pride in the place about its society. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie."

Turning now to the more intimate annals of early Chicago as witnessed by the men actually engaged in making history here, we have the honor to present to the reader "Long John" Wentworth—perhaps our most characteristic specimen of the early thirties.

Mr. Hoffman, in describing a ball which he attended in Chicago, alludes to the "broghans" worn by the gentlemen. In the Museum of the Chicago Historical Society is a certain exhibit labeled: "Slipper of Long John Wentworth." Had the "New Yorker" seen this particular exhibit, a stronger expression than "broghans" might have escaped him. The slipper measures fourteen inches *from stem to stern*, and five or six *through the beam*. Its owner was built in proportion, measuring six feet seven in his stockings, and weighing in his prime over three hundred pounds.

It is said that when Long John arrived in Chicago, October 25, 1836, he was barefoot, carrying his shoes on a stick over his shoulder, and his other baggage in a blue-and-white bandanna. Dick Whittington arriving in London with nothing but his cat by the way of luggage, could hardly have come in humbler guise, nor have fulfilled in lordlier fashion the later fortune which awaited him.

The first meal eaten in Chicago by this mayor-in-the-making and congressman-to-be was served to him by Mrs. John Murphy, in the historic Sauganash Hotel. It is said that

in memory of that meal Long John dined with Mrs. Murphy on the anniversary of the occasion to the end of his life.

When starting out from his home in New Hampshire, young Wentworth had one hundred dollars in money and two letters of introduction. The money must have been consumed on the long journey, for soon after he arrived in Chicago, he is reported to have borrowed from Mark Beaubien enough funds to set him up as a printer, promising in return to print a newspaper. On the twenty-third day of the following month he issued Volume I, Number 1, of *The Chicago Weekly Democrat*, and his career was begun.

John Wentworth was born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, March 5, 1815, — the grandson of John Wentworth, a member of the Continental Congress, and of Amos Cogswell, a colonel in the Revolutionary Army. In May, 1836, he was graduated from Dartmouth College, at the age of twenty-one.

During the winters of 1836 and 1837 meetings were being held in Chicago to consider the expediency of organizing the little six-square-mile village into a city. Long John attended these meetings and helped Chicago obtain a city charter.

When matters had reached a point where a municipal election was to be held, he became secretary of the Nominating Committee. In August, 1837, came the convention to nomi-

nate officers for the County of Cook, and again Long John was the secretary. When Chicago's first corporation printer was elected, it was twenty-two-year-old "Long John" Wentworth who secured the office, which he held for the better part of twenty-five years, his paper, *The Weekly Democrat*, thus becoming the official organ of the city council.

In 1840 *The Weekly Democrat* became a daily paper, the chief newspaper of the Northwest, and, with Long John as its editor, publisher, and proprietor, so continued until 1861, being known as the "hard money" paper of the Jackson type.

Incident to his other labors, Long John studied law in Chicago, attended lectures at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar in 1841.

John Wentworth was elected to the Congress of the United States and took his seat December 4, 1843, at the age of twenty-eight, the youngest member in the House. He served until March 3, 1851, and again from December, 1853, until March 3, 1855, twelve years in all. Of national politics, he wrote: "My congressional terms embraced every crisis in the slavery agitation, beginning with the discussion respecting the propriety of annexing Texas, and ending with the adoption of the constitutional amendments establishing the equality of all persons before the law." He adds, "In view of my frontier residence, the speaker placed me upon the Committee upon Terri-

tories, and I was the only northwestern man upon it. I had to be the mouthpiece upon that committee of all the settlements in the wilds of Wisconsin and Iowa, extending to the British possessions on the north, and to the Rocky Mountains on the west."

A wonderful group of men were in Washington in Wentworth's time. In his *Congressional Reminiscences* Long John has left us vivid personal anecdotes of John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Thomas Benton, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster.

When Webster had visited Chicago in 1837 to make his great Whig speech, John Wentworth had reviewed it in his *Chicago Democrat*. When the River and Harbor bill of 1846 was pending, Wentworth came before the Committee to defend the construction of a harbor at Little Fort (now Waukegan) in Illinois. None of the senators knew the needs of this part of the Great Lakes, and the Committee was hostile. Long John, meeting Daniel Webster in the street in Washington, reminded him that on his visit to Chicago in 1837 his vessel might have been sunk had a storm arisen around the southern end of Lake Michigan. With this as a text, Webster made one of his great flights of oratory, depicting such a storm. The bill passed. President Polk vetoed it. "And out of his veto," wrote Wentworth, "grew that wonderful event in the history of Chicago, the River and Harbor Convention of

1847, a vast assemblage, composed of the most talented, enterprising, wealthy, and influential men of all parts of the country."

On the morning after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise passed the House, there was a gathering of Democrats and Whigs at Crutchet's in Washington, and among them was John Wentworth. It was resolved to ignore all party lines and form an anti-slavery party. Out of this grew the Republican party, with which Wentworth afterwards acted.

Long John Wentworth was elected mayor of Chicago in 1857, and again in 1860—the first Republican mayor elected in the United States after the formation of the party. And what a mayor he did make! To this day in Chicago the older men may be heard to say, when certain manifestations of corruption appear, "That would not have happened in Long John's time." In these days of vice investigation and careful dealing with sociological questions of all kinds, it is not out of place to mention the destruction, under Long John's leadership, of a far-reaching district of disrepute known as "The Sands," which existed near the lake shore, north of Kinzie and east of Pine Street. Finding all ordinary and legal procedure insufficient, Long John caused to be printed a quantity of hand-bills announcing a dog fight on the West Side. While the denizens of "The Sands" were largely attending the dog fight, he, axe-in-hand and followed

by an army of police, tore down and burned their shanties and completely effaced this blot on Chicago's lake front.

Countless legends of Long John's mayoralty are current in Chicago. It was one of his customs to prowl about the streets at night, to ascertain if the police were doing their duty, and many a criminal found himself conveyed to the lock-up by the long arm of His Honor, the Mayor. A saloon-keeper who had cheated one of Long John's employees was thus dragged bodily across his bar and clapped into jail, without a warrant, all for a deficit of thirty-five cents in change.

Wentworth's most distinguished duty during his mayoralty was the entertainment of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who, as a stripling on a voyage of discovery, visited Chicago. Charles Harpel quotes an introduction of the Prince to the crowd standing around the balcony of the Richmond House: "Boys," said Mr. Wentworth, "this is the Prince of Wales. He has come here to see the city and I am going to show him around. Prince, these are the boys!" Another story, for which the writer is indebted to Fernando Jones, of fruitful memory, is as follows: Standing on Rush Street bridge watching the loading of a cargo of grain to be shipped to Queen Victoria as a gift from the city of Chicago, the young prince carelessly spat into the grain. "Stop that, young man!" yelled

Wentworth. "Don't you know any better than to spit into a load of grain that is going to your honored mother? Don't let me see you do that again!"

One of John Wentworth's favorite haunts was the Chicago Historical Society. He attended every meeting. Finding himself and one other the only members present on the occasion of a certain quarterly meeting, he promptly made the other man secretary, appointed himself chairman, and proceeded to hold a meeting which was devoted to an hour's address on "The Life and Achievements of Long John Wentworth"—all duly reported in the papers the next day.

Had John Wentworth possessed no other talent, he might have made a name solely as an historian. A three-volume history of the Wentworth family marks his activities in the genealogical field. But his great delight was in local history—and Chicago owes the preservation from oblivion of her earlier years largely to the indefatigable researches of this true Chicagoan. Nothing was too much trouble. At the meetings of the Calumet Club or at the Historical Society, where old settlers were wont to gather, he would stand for hours reeling off names of citizens, with the date of their arrival, and something about each. He had the true historian's instinct—the faculty for preserving "local color." And yet he never romanced. Employing his large means—for

he died worth a fortune—he amassed from every quarter the sources of information, and urged upon others the preservation, in a fire-proof building, of such things as old newspapers, pamphlets, letters, deeds, and the like.

Among the most valued possessions of the Chicago Historical Society is a volume enriched by his own manuscript emendations and additions, and containing two addresses, the first of which is entitled: *"Early Chicago, a lecture delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society, at McCormick Hall, on Sunday afternoon, May 7, 1876, by Hon. John Wentworth, late editor, publisher and proprietor of the 'Chicago Democrat,' the first corporation newspaper; member of Congress for the Chicago district for twelve years; two terms mayor; and a settler of 1836."* This lecture we here reproduce.

The second occasion upon which Wentworth appears in his own person and as the chief performer, in this book of *Reminiscences*, is the now famous reception to the settlers of Chicago prior to 1840, by the Calumet Club of Chicago, Tuesday evening, May 27, 1879.

It is proposed of late to preserve in libraries by means of the phonograph, for future ages, the very voices of the speakers on such occasions. Long John is said to have had a voice to match his person. If he had spoken into a phonograph what a "record" he might have made! In his speeches we have the very

quintessence of Chicago. If nothing else existed to tell us of "the early day," these fragments would suffice. They are the more valuable in that the speaker felt that he need not impress his hearers with his importance. Long John was talking to his friends of half a century, and no little quip or quirk by which any old-time figure could be brought vividly to mind was beneath his dignity.

On October 16, 1888, occurred the death of Hon. John Wentworth—in his long-time domicile, the old Sherman House. The journals of the day are full of headlines such as "Long John is no more"; "The remains lying in state"; and the obituary notices filled whole pages, as if for a President. But one President has ever occupied a larger place in the horizon of the state of Illinois, or done more to create an actual body politic out of the scattered settlers of a nation's frontier.

On the same platform with John Wentworth at that memorable meeting of the Calumet Club were two other men who had, each in his way, occupied almost as conspicuous a place in the public attention of Chicago—Ex-Chief Justice John Dean Caton, and the Hon. J. Y. Scammon. Both had precedence of Wentworth in point of early arrival in Chicago, Caton having come in June, 1833, and Scammon in September, 1835.

John Dean Caton was born in Monroe

County, New York, March 19, 1812. His grandfather, who was once connected with the British Army, settled on the Potomac, in Virginia, at the time of the Revolution. His son Robert, Judge Caton's father, served through the war on the American side, and afterwards became a preacher in the Society of Friends. John, his twelfth son, at the age of nine began work on the farm, attending the district school in the winter, and beginning to teach at the age of seventeen. Thus far his life is not unlike that of the poet Whittier, whom he somewhat resembled in appearance, and also in his Quaker origin.

The call of the West was very strong in those days, and in 1833, after a short course at the Academy at Utica, and in the high school at Rome, New York, and in the law office of Beardsley & Matteson, he started out to seek his fortune in the wilds of Michigan. Chancing to hear of a place called Chicago, he came thus far and halted. Chicago had no lawyer, and young Caton became its attorney. It is said that his office was at that time anything but a fixed affair, being usually the first convenient corner, with any box or barrel that stood there, by way of furniture.

To obtain admission to the bar, John Caton was obliged to journey three hundred miles on horseback across the prairie and through the forest to Greenville, near the Ohio River. In

1836 he formed a partnership with Norman B. Judd, a former schoolmate and friend. In 1839 he purchased a farm near Plainfield, built a log house, and for several years devoted himself to farming and to a more exhaustive study of the law. Meanwhile he was riding the circuit as occasion required, and has left us many amusing tales of pioneer experiences in his *Early Bench and Bar of Illinois*. In 1842, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois, a position which he held until June, 1865.

When Caton came to Illinois, a single volume of law reports existed here—those of Judge Sidney Breese. When he left the bench he had added thirty volumes of invaluable material to these legal resources of Illinois.

A story is told of Judge Caton which illustrates the primitive conditions in Illinois in th forties, though not the Judge's habitual frame of mind. At a time when the Supreme Judges were receiving only twelve or fifteen hundred dollars per annum, Judge Caton went into a grocery store one day, purchased a very fine sugar-cured ham, and set it down by the side of the counter while he engaged in a friendly chat with the grocer. Meanwhile, a great shaggy ill-favored dog came in, picked up the Judge's ham, and made off with it. The Judge, however, was not to be done out of his property so easily. Overtaking the dog, he rescued his ham, administered several very

hearty kicks to the offender, and addressed him in the following terms:

"You miserable cur! You are the meanest dog I ever saw, to come in here and steal this ham which has cost me my last dollar. Don't you know that I am receiving only the pitiful salary of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year? You are mean enough to steal the last piece of meat from the lowest shelf in a nigger's kitchen!"—with which terrible charge and a few other unQuakerlike remarks which never went into the record, the Judge walked off with his ham, leaving the culprit to meditate upon the power and dignity of the Supreme Bench of Illinois.

In his *Early Bar of Chicago* Judge Blodgett, a contemporary of Caton's, wrote: "The time Judge Caton was a member of that court may be called the formative era in our state jurisprudence." Among matters that came before Caton were the transfer of the Illinois and Michigan Canal to the holders of the state bonds for carrying on the work; the land grant to the state for construction of the Illinois Central Railroad; the powers to be allowed to railroads in Illinois, as well as to other corporations, and land titles in the "Military Tract." Judge Caton was one of the first in the West to take an interest in telegraphy,—backing his faith with funds,—and in 1857 became the principal owner of all the telegraph lines in Illinois and Iowa. He was exceedingly success-

ful in the management of these properties, and, in 1865, transferred them to The Western Union Telegraph Company on such terms as made him financially independent for life.

From that time on he devoted himself to travel and study, and may be considered as one of the most perfect types which the West has produced of the cultured scholar who is yet a practical man of affairs. Many of his scientific studies and records of travel were gathered into a volume of *Miscellanies*, and mark how far his thought had gone in the direction of scientific and political achievement which has since come to pass in America. His death occurred on July 30, 1895.

When Jonathan Young Scammon came upon the scene in Chicago there was no free school system here. In fact, the newly constituted city council had voted against a free school law. Scammon was a lawyer — had indeed preceded Caton by a few years as official reporter for Illinois. He offered to draft a law for common schools, and succeeded in getting it enacted by the legislature of Illinois, himself accepting the arduous duties of inspector of schools under the new system.

There were no railroads in Illinois until William B. Ogden, J. Y. Scammon, and a few others of their calibre went personally across the prairies, all along the line proposed for the Galena and Chicago route, persuading the

farmers that a railroad would help them in getting their crops to market. The Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, chartered in 1836, but not completed until 1848, was the result, and is the nucleus of the Chicago and Northwestern system.

There were no harbor improvements in Chicago when Scammon came. His name, with those of John Wentworth, George Manierre, Isaac N. Arnold, and Grant Goodrich, was signed to the call for the River and Harbor Convention of 1847.

In 1851 J. Y. Scammon became president and leading stockholder of The Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company. The general banking law of 1851 had just been passed, and, under its provisions, he established the Marine Bank, which was long considered the strongest of the state banks.

Mr. Scammon came to be a very rich man, but his public spirit kept pace with his fortune. During the campaign for the support of Lincoln, in 1860, he published, at his own cost, much of the literature that helped to win the day. The only political office which he himself held was the modest one of membership in the Illinois Legislature.

No Swedenborgian church existed in Illinois until Scammon came to Chicago, in 1835, and began to hold meetings in his business office, which resulted in the establishment of that denomination in the West. Homœopathy was

struggling for a hearing in Illinois, and Scammon built for this then despised "school" the Hahnemann Hospital. In like manner, the University of Chicago needed something to give it prestige in the scientific world, and Scammon bought for it the largest lens in the world at that time, built for it an observatory, and paid the salary of the professor of astronomy.

One of the founders, and president, of The Chicago Historical Society, he occupied a like office in The Chicago Academy of Sciences and in the Astronomical Society. He had a hand in the founding of *The Chicago Tribune* and *The Chicago Journal*, and in 1872 established *The Inter-Ocean* in a back room of his own residence.

The fire of 1871 and the panic of 1873 swept away Mr. Scammon's fortune. He retired from the banking business and resumed his law practice, removing from his handsome residence in town to a gardener's cottage on a tract of land at South Park. To some men this humiliation would have proved too much. But life to a man like Scammon meant more than money. His interest in Chicago was not limited to his own advancement. His far-seeing eyes and active hands still continued to contribute to the city's welfare. It is significant that he was one of the few chosen to speak with Wentworth and Caton at that memorable gathering of old residents in 1879, and that

when he died in 1890, his name had become synonymous with the expression "public spirit."

At this distance from the events set forth in this little volume, we are enabled to look back, and to see things in something like a true proportion. We have chosen these few figures as typical of the manners of men who constituted the Chicago of "the early day." They differed greatly one from the other, but, forgetting all personal peculiarities, it might be said that Wentworth stood for strength of purpose, Caton for justice, and Scammon for sagacity. Out of these qualities has sprung a city. At this Christmas season we shall be gratified if this book of "Reminiscences" shall contribute to a clearer concept of that city and of her conquest over circumstance.

MABEL MCILVAINE.

Reminiscences *of* Early Chicago

Charles Fenno Hoffman

[From "A Winter in the West."]

CHICAGO, January 1, 1834.

WE left the prairie on the east, after passing through "the door," and entered a forest, where the enormous black walnut and sycamore trees cumbered the soil with trunks from which a comfortable dwelling might be excavated. The road was about as bad as could be imagined; and after riding so long over prairies as smooth as a turnpike, the stumps and fallen trees over which we were compelled to drive, with the deep mud-holes into which our horses continually plunged, were anything but agreeable. Still, the stupendous vegetation of the forest interested me sufficiently to make the time, otherwise enlivened by good company, pass with sufficient fleetness, though we made hardly more than two miles an hour throughout the stage. At last, after passing several untenanted sugar camps of the Indians, we reached a cabin, prettily situated on the banks of a lively brook winding through the forest. A little Frenchman waited at the door to receive our horses, while a couple of half-intoxicated Indians followed us into the house, in the hope of getting *a'netos* (vulgarly, "a treat") from

the new-comers. The usual settlers' dinner of fried bacon, venison cutlets, hot cakes, and wild honey, with some tolerable tea and Indian sugar—as that made from the maple tree is called at the West—was soon placed before us; while our new driver, the frizzy little Frenchman already mentioned, harnessed a fresh team, and hurried us into the wagon as soon as possible. The poor little fellow had thirty miles to drive before dark, on the most difficult part of the route of the line between Detroit and Chicago. It was easy to see that he knew nothing of driving, the moment he took his reins in hand; but when one of my fellow travelers mentioned that little Victor had been preferred to his present situation of trust from the indefatigable manner in which, before the stage route was established last season, he had for years carried the mail through this lonely country—swimming rivers and sleeping in the woods at all seasons—it was impossible to dash the mixture of boyish glee and official pomposity with which he entered upon his duties, by suggesting any improvement as to the mode of performing them. Away then we went, helter-skelter, through the woods—scrambled through a brook, and galloping over an arm of the prairie, struck again into the forest. A fine stream called the Calaminc made our progress here more gentle for a moment. But immediately on the other side of the river was an Indian trading-post,

and our little French Phaeton—who, to tell the truth, had been repressing his fire for the last half-hour, while winding among the decayed trees and broken branches of the forest—could contain no longer. He shook the reins on his wheel-horses, and cracked up his leaders, with an air that would have distinguished him on the Third Avenue, and been envied at Cato's. He rises in his seat as he passes the trading house; he sweeps by like a whirlwind: but a female peeps from the portal, and it is all over with poor Victor.

> "Ah, wherefore did he turn to look?
> That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
> Hath doomed—"

his discomfiture. The infuriate car strikes a stump, and the unlucky youth shoots off at a tangent, as if he were discharged from a mortar. The whole operation was completed with such velocity, that the first intimation I had of what was going forward, was on finding myself two or three yards from the shattered wagon, with a tall Indian in a wolf-skin cap standing over me. My two fellow passengers were dislodged from their seats with the same want of ceremony; but though the *disjecta membra* of our company were thus prodigally scattered about, none of us, providentially, received injury. Poor Victor was terribly crestfallen; and had he not unpacked his soul by calling upon all the saints in the calendar, in a manner more familiar than respectful, I verily believe that his

tight little person would have exploded like a torpedo. A very respectable looking Indian female, the wife, probably, of the French gentleman who owned the post, came out, and civilly furnished us with basins and towels to clean our hands and faces, which were sorely bespattered with mud; while the gray old Indian before mentioned assisted in collecting our scattered baggage.

The spot where our disaster occurred was a sequestered, wild looking place. The trading establishment consisted of six or eight log cabins, of a most primitive construction, all of them gray with age, and so grouped on the bank of the river as to present an appearance quite picturesque. There was not much time, however, to be spent observing its beauties. The sun was low, and we had twenty-five miles yet to travel that night, before reaching the only shantee on the lake shore. My companions were compelled to mount two of the stage horses, while I once more put the saddle on mine; and leaving our trunks to follow a week hence, we slung our saddle-bags across the cruppers, and pushed directly ahead.

A few miles' easy riding through the woods brought us to a dangerous morass, where we were compelled to dismount and drive our horses across, one of the party going in advance to catch them on the other side. A mile or two of pine barrens now lay between us and the shore, and winding rapidly among the

short hills, covered with this stinted growth, we came suddenly upon a mound of white sand at least fifty feet high. Another of these desolate looking eminences, still higher, lay beyond. We topped it; and there, far away before us, lay the broad bosom of Lake Michigan,—the red disk of the sun just sinking beneath it, and the freshening night breeze beginning to curl its limpid waters on the shore; and now, having gained their verge, whichever way we turned, there was nothing discernible but the blackening lake on one side and these conical hills of shifting white sand on the other. Some of them, as the night advanced and objects were only discernible by the bright starlight, assumed a most fantastic appearance, and made me regret that I could not visit the "Sleeping Bear," and other singularly formed mounds, which many miles further to the north, swell from two to three hundred feet above the level of the lake. The deep sand, into which our horses sunk to the fetlocks, was at first most wearisome to the poor beasts; and having twenty miles yet to travel entirely on the lake shore, we were compelled, in spite of the danger of quicksands, to move as near the water as possible. But though the day had been mild, the night rapidly became so cold that, before we had proceeded thus many miles, the beach twenty yards from the surf was nearly as hard as stone, and the finest Macadamized road in the world could not compare with the one over

which we now galloped. Nor did we want lamps to guide us on our way. Above, the stars stood out like points of light; while the resplendent fires of the Aurora Borealis, shooting along the heavens on our right, were mocked by the livid glare of the Kankakee marshes, burning behind the sand hills on our left. The lake alone looked dark and lowering; though even its gathering waves would smile when touched with light as they broke upon the shore. The intense cold seemed to invigorate our horses; and dashing the fire from the occasional pebbles, they clattered along the frozen beach at a rate that brought us rapidly to our destination for the night.

It was a rude cabin, built of stems of the scrub pine, standing behind a sandy swell about two hundred yards from the shore. My fingers were numb with cold; and seeing a rough-looking fellow moving from the door towards the horses of my companions, I requested him to take mine also; but, upon his politely rejoining that "he was nobody's servant but his own," I could only wish him "a more civil master," and proceeded to take care of the animal myself. A brake of stunted evergreens near by supplied the place of a stable; and passing a wisp of dry grass over the reeking limbs of my four-footed friend, I flung my cloak over his back, and tethered him for the night. The keeper of the rustic hostelrie came up just as I had got through with this necessary task,

and explaining to me that the insolent lounger was a discharged mail carrier, returned with me to the house for a measure of corn; while I, guided by the light flickering through the crevices of his frail dwelling, rejoined my companions nestled with two other half-frozen travelers around the grateful fire within. The strangers were both western men; one, I believe, a farmer, for some time settled in Illinois, and the other an Indian trader of long standing in Chicago. War-like incidents in border story, and the pacific dealings between the whites and Indians, formed the chief subjects of conversation, which soon became general, and was prolonged to a late hour; finally the late treaty held at Chicago—at which, as you have probably seen in the newspapers, several thousand Indians were present—was discussed, and the anecdotes that were told of meanness, rapacity, and highway robbery (in cheating, stealing, and forcibly taking away) from the Indians, exasperated me so that I expressed my indignation and disgust in unmeasured terms. The worthy trader, who was a middle-aged man, of affable, quiet good manners, seemed to sympathize with me throughout; but the whole current of my feelings was totally changed, when, upon my observing shortly afterward to another gentleman, that "I should have liked to have been at Chicago a year ago," my warm coadjutor ejaculated from under the bed-clothes, where

he had in the meantime bestowed himself, "Ah, sir, if you had, the way in which you'd have hook'd an Indian blanket by this time, would be curious." The chivalric Knight of La Mancha himself could not have sustained heroics under such a home thrust, but must have burst into the hearty laugh in which I was joined by all present. The hour of sleep for all at last arrived, and a couple of wooden bunks, swung from the roof, falling to the lot of those who had come in first, I wrapped myself in a buffalo-skin, and placing my saddle under my head for a pillow, soon "slept like a king," a term which, if

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

be true doctrine, is, probably, *quasi lucus*, &c.

Our transient acquaintances parted from us in a most friendly manner in the morning; and after waiting in vain till near noon, to see if by any chance little Victor might not be able to forward our trunks to this point, we mounted once more, and pushed ahead with all speed, to accomplish the remaining twenty or thirty miles between the shantee and Chicago. Our route was still along the shore; and after passing round the end of the lake and taking a northwardly direction, the way in which the icy blast would come down the bleak shore of the lake "was a caution." We galloped at full speed, every man choosing his own route along the beach, our horses' hoofs ringing the while

as if it were a pavement of flint beneath them. The rough ice piled up on the coast prevented us from watering our beasts; and we did not draw a rein till the rushing current of the Calaminc, which debouches into Lake Michigan some ten miles from Chicago, stayed our course. A cabin on the bank gave us a moment's opportunity to warm, and then, being ferried over the wintry stream, we started with fresh vigor, and crossing about a mile of prairie in the neighborhood of Chicago, reached here in time for an early dinner. Our horses this morning seem none the worse for this furious riding; their escape from ill consequences being readily attributable to the excellence of the road, and the extreme coldness of the weather while traveling it. For my own part, I never felt better than after this violent burst of exercise.

We had not been here an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers; and though my soiled and travel-worn riding dress was not exactly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the frontier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given. It was a frame building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although one of the most ancient French trading posts on the Lakes, can only date its

growth as a village since the Indian war eighteen months since. When I add that the population has *quintupled* last summer, and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodation; while scarcely a house in the place, however comfortable looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms. In the present instance, we were ushered into a tolerably sized dancing room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the whitewashed ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readily dispensed with. An orchestra of unplaned boards was raised against the wall in the center of the room; the band consisting of a dandy negro with his violin, a fine military looking bass drummer from the fort, and a volunteer citizen, who alternately played an accompaniment upon the flute and triangle. Blackee, who flourished about with a great many airs and graces, was decidedly the king of the company; and it was amusing, while his head followed the direction of his fiddle-bow with pertinacious fidelity, to see the Captain Manual-like precision with which the

soldier dressed to the front on one side, and the nonchalant air of importance which the cit attempted to preserve on the other.

As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations, brought together from all parts of the world, and now for the first time brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarieties. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille-playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago cotillons. Here you might see a veteran officer in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trowsers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawny neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be *dos à dos* to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate looking southern girl; and in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would *chassez* cross with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed *à la Madonne*, over

eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue mingles with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating away from eyes of heaven's own color over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of "England's born." How piquantly do these trim and beaded *leggins* peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall nut-brown wearer moves as if unconsciously through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like windsails from that little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel.

But what boots all these incongruities, when a spirit of festive good humor animates every one present? "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," (as I hear it judiciously observed this side of the mountains,) and why should not all these kinds of people be represented as well in a ball-room as in a legislature? At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favorable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the union, than was afforded by this very ball. "This is a scene of enchantment to me,

sir," observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. "There were but a few traders around the fort when I last visited Chicago; and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well dressed people have come from!" I referred him to an old resident of three months standing, to whom I had just been introduced, but he could throw no light upon the subject; and we left the matter of peopling Chicago in the same place where philosophers have put the question of the original peopling of the continent. I made several new acquaintances at this new-year's ball, and particularly with the officers of the garrison, from whose society I promise myself much pleasure during my stay.

The geographical position of Chicago is so important, that I must give you a more minute description of the place in my next. Would that in folding this I could enclose you half the warm wishes for your welfare which the season awakens in my bosom!

Chicago, Illinois, January 10, 1834.

I have been here more than ten days, without fulfilling the promise given in my last. It has been so cold, indeed, as almost to render writing impracticable in a place so comfortless. The houses were built with such rapidity, during the summer, as to be mere shells; and the thermometer having ranged as low as 28

below zero, during several days it has been almost impossible, notwithstanding the large fires kept up by an attentive landlord, to prevent the ink from freezing while using it, and one's fingers become so numb in a very few moments when thus exercised, that, after vainly trying to write in gloves, I have thrown by my pen, and joined the group, composed of all the household, around the barroom fire. This room, which is an old log cabin aside of the main house, is one of the most comfortable places in town, and is, of course, much frequented; business being, so far as one can judge from the concourse that throng it, nearly at a standstill. Several persons have been severely frost-bitten in passing from door to door; and not to mention the quantity of poultry and pigs that have been frozen, an ox, I am told, has perished from cold in the streets at noonday. An occasional Indian, wrapped in his blanket, and dodging about from store to store after a dram of whiskey, or a muffled-up Frenchman, driving furiously in his cariole on the river, are almost the only human beings abroad; while the wolves, driven in by the deep snows which preceded this severe weather, troop through the town after nightfall, and may be heard howling continually in the midst of it.

The situation of Chicago, on the edge of the Grand Prairie, with the whole expanse of Lake Michigan before it, gives the freezing winds

from the Rocky Mountains prodigious effect, and renders a degree of temperature which in sheltered situations is but little felt, almost painful here.

> "The bleak winds
> Do sorely ruffle; for many a mile about,
> There's scarce a bush."

The town lies upon a dead level, along the banks of a narrow forked river, and is spread over a wide extent of surface to the shores of the lake, while vessels of considerable draught of water can, by means of the river, unload in the centre of the place. I believe I have already mentioned that four fifths of the population have come in since last spring: the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion; and although a place of such mushroom growth can, of course, boast of but little solid improvement in the way of building, yet contracts have been made for the ensuing season which must soon give Chicago much of that metropolitan appearance it is destined so promptly to assume. As a place of business, its situation at the central head of the Mississippi Valley will make it the New Orleans of the North; and its easy and close intercourse with the most flourishing eastern cities will give it the advantage, as its capital increases, of all their improvements in the mode of living.

There is one improvement to be made, however, in this section of the country, which will

greatly influence the permanent value of property in Chicago. I allude to a canal from the head of Lake Michigan to the head of steam navigation on the Illinois, the route of which has been long since surveyed. The distance to be overcome is something like ninety miles; and when you remember that the headwaters of the Illinois rise within eleven miles of Chicago River, and that a level plain of not more than eight feet elevation above the latter is the only intervening obstacle, you can conceive how easy it would be to drain Lake Michigan into the Mississippi by this route; boats of eighteen tons having actually passed over the intervening prairie at high water. Lake Michigan, which is several feet or more above Lake Erie, would afford such a never-failing body of water that it would keep steamboats afloat on the route in the dryest season. St. Louis would then be brought comparatively near to New York, while two thirds of the Mississippi Valley would be supplied by this route immediately from the markets of the latter. This canal is the only remaining link wanting to complete the most stupendous chain of inland communication in the world. I had a long conversation this morning, on the subject, with Major H., the United States engineer, who is engaged in superintending the construction of a pier at this place. He was polite enough to sketch the main features of the route with his pencil, in such a manner as to make

its feasibility very apparent. The canal would pass for the whole distance through a prairie country, where every production of the field and the garden can be raised with scarcely any toil, and where the most prolific soil in the world requires no other preparation for planting than passing the plough over its bosom. The most effectual mode of making this canal would be to give the lands along its banks to an incorporated company, who should construct the work within a certain time. The matter is now merely agitated at elections as a political handle.

January 13.

I had got thus far in a letter to you, when several officers of the garrison, to whom I am indebted for much hospitable attention and many agreeable hours, stopped opposite the door with a train of carioles, in one of which I was offered a seat, to witness a pacing-match on the ice. There were several ladies with gentlemen in attendance already on the river, all muffled up, after the Canadian fashion, in fur robes, whose gay trimmings presented a rich as well as most comfortable appearance. The horses from which the most sport was expected were a black pony bred in the country and a tall roan nag from the lower Mississippi. They paced at the rate of a mile in something less than three minutes. I rode behind the winning horse one heat, and the velocity with which he made our cariole fly over the smooth ice was

almost startling. The Southern horse won the race; but I was told that in nine cases out of ten, the nags from his part of the country could not stand against a French pony.

In the middle of the chase, a wolf, probably roused by the sleigh-bells from his lair on the river's bank, trotted along the prairie above, within gunshot, calmly surveying the sport. The uninvited presence of this long-haired amateur at once suggested a hunt for the morrow, and arrangements were accordingly made, by the several gentlemen present, for the most exciting of sports, a wolf-chase on horseback.

I was not present at the assembling of the hunt; and the first intimation I had of the game being afoot was from hearing the cry of hounds and the shouting of a party of horsemen, as they clattered along the frozen river, with two prairie wolves and one gray wolf running at full speed, about a pistol-shot ahead of them. One wolf was killed, and another had made his escape before I joined the party. But the third, the gray wolf, which had struck off into the prairie, was still fresh when I came into the hunt with an untired horse. But one of the hunters had been able to keep up with him, and him I could distinguish a mile off in the prairie, turning and winding his foaming horse as the wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while half-a-dozen dogs, embarrassed in the deep snow, were slowly coming up. I

reached the spot just as the wolf first stood at bay. His bristling back, glaring eyes, and ferociously distended jaws might have appalled the dogs for a moment, when an impetuous greyhound, who had been for some time pushing through the snowdrifts with unabated industry, having now attained a comparatively clear spot of ground, leaped with such force against the flank of the wolf as to upset him in an instant, while the greyhound shot far ahead of the quarry. He recovered himself instantly, but not before a fierce, powerful hound, whose thick neck and broad muzzle indicated a cross of the bulldog blood with that of a nobler strain, had struck him first upon the haunch, and was now trying to grapple him by the throat. Down again he went, rolling over and over in the deep snow, while the clicking of his jaws, as he snapped eagerly at each member of the pack that by turns beset him, was distinctly audible. The powerful dog already mentioned secured him at last, by fixing his muzzle deeply into the breast of the prostrate animal. This, however, did not prevent the wolf giving some fearful wounds to the other dogs which beset him; and, accordingly, with the permission of the gentleman who had led the chase, I threw myself from my horse and gave the game the *coup de grâce* with a dirk-knife which I carried about me. The success of this hunt induced us, upon the spot, to appoint another for this day.

It was a fine bracing morning, with the sun shining cheerily through the still cold atmosphere far over the snow-covered prairie, when the party assembled in front of my lodgings, to the number of ten horsemen, all well mounted and eager for the sport. The hunt was divided into two squads, one of which was to follow the windings of the river on the ice, and the other to make a circuit on the prairie. A pack of dogs, consisting of a greyhound or two for running game, with several of a heavier and fiercer breed for pulling it down, accompanied each party. I was attached to that which took the river: and it was a beautiful sight, as our friends trotted off in the prairie, to see their different colored capotes and gayly equipped horses contrasted with the bright carpet of spotless white over which they rode, while the sound of their voices was soon lost to our ears, as we descended to the channel of the river, and their lessening figures were hid from our view by the low brush which in some places skirted its banks. The brisk trot in which we now broke, brought us rapidly to the place of meeting, where, to the disappointment of each party, it was found that neither had started any game. We now spread ourselves into a broad line, about gunshot apart from each other, and began thus advancing into the prairie. We had not swept it thus more than a mile, when a shout on the extreme left, with the accelerated pace of the two furthermost riders in that direc-

tion, told that they had roused a wolf. "The devil take the hindermost" was now the motto of the company, and each one spurred for the spot with all eagerness. Unhappily, however, the land along the bank of the river, on the right, was so broken by ravines, choked up with snow, that it was impossible for us, who were half a mile from the game when started, to come up at all with two or three horsemen who led the pursuit. Our horses sunk to their cruppers in the deep snowdrift. Some were repeatedly thrown: and one or two, breaking their saddle-girths, from the desperate struggles their horses made in the snowbanks, were compelled to abandon the chase entirely. My stout roan carried me bravely through all; but when I emerged from the last ravine on the open plain, the two horsemen who led the chase, from some inequality in the surface of the prairie, were not visible; while the third, a fleet rider, whose tall figure and Indian headdress had hitherto guided me, had been just unhorsed, and abandoning the game afoot, was now wheeling off apparently with some other object in view. Following on the same course, we soon encountered a couple of officers in a train, who were just coming from a mission of charity in visiting the half-starved orphans of a poor woman who was frozen to death on the prairie a day or two since—the wolves having already picked her bones before her fate became known. One by one, our whole

party collected around to make inquiries about the poor children, and the two fortunate hunters soon after joined us, one of them with a large prairie wolf hanging to the saddle-bow.

It was now about eleven o'clock; we were only twelve miles from Chicago; and though we had kept up a pretty round pace, considering the depth of the snow, in coursing backward and forward since eight, our horses generally were yet in good condition, and we scattered once more over the prairie, with the hope of rousing more game.

Not ten minutes elapsed before a wolf, breaking from the dead weeds which, shooting eight or ten feet above the level of the snow, indicated the banks of a deep ravine, dashed off into the prairie pursued by a horseman on the right. He made instantly for the deep banks of the river, one of whose windings was within a few hundred yards. He had a bold rider behind him, however, in the gentleman who led the chase (a young educated half-blood, of prepossessing manners, and well connected at Chicago). The precipitous bank of the stream did not retard this hunter for a moment, but dashing down to the bed of the river, he was hard upon the wolf before he could ascend the elevation on the opposite side. Four of us only reached the open prairie beyond in time to take part in the chase. Nothing could be more beautiful. There was not an obstacle

to oppose us in the open plain; and all our dogs having long since given out, nothing remained but to drive the wolf to death on horseback. Away, then, we went, shouting on his track; the hotly pursued beast gaining on us whenever the crust of deep snowdrift gave him an advantage over the horse, and we in our turn nearly riding over him when we came to ground comparatively bare. The sagacious animal became at last aware that his course would soon be up at this rate, and, turning rapidly in his tracks as we were scattered over the prairie, he passed through our line and made at once again for the river. He was cut off, and turned in a moment by a horseman on the left, who happened to be a little behind the rest; and now came the keenest part of the sport. The wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while each horseman in succession would make a dash at, and turn him in a different direction. Twice I was near enough to strike him with a horsewhip, and once he was under my horse's feet; while so furiously did each rider push at him, that as we brushed by each other and confronted horse to horse, while riding from different quarters at full speed, it required one somewhat used "to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus" to maintain his seat at all. The rascal, who would now and then look over his shoulder and gnash his teeth, seemed at last as if he was about to succumb—when, after running a few hundred yards in an oblique

direction from the river, he suddenly veered his course, at a moment when everyone thought his strength was spent; and, gaining the bank before he could be turned, he disappeared in an instant. The rider nearest his heels became entangled in the low boughs of a tree which grew near the spot; while I, who followed next, was thrown out sufficiently to give the wolf time to get out of view, by my horse bolting as he reached the sudden edge of the river. The rest of the hunt were consequently at fault when they came up to us; and after trying in vain to track our lost quarry over the smooth ice for half an hour, we were most vexatiously compelled to abandon the pursuit as fruitless, and return to the village with only one scalp as the reward of our morning's labor.

It was with no enviable feelings, I assure you, that, on making my arrangements, an hour ago, to start in the new line of stage-coaches which has just been established between this point and St. Louis, I found myself compelled to part with the friend to whom I was chiefly indebted for my share in the glorious sports I have just attempted to describe to you—the four-footed companion of my last six weeks' rambles. I remember being once struck with the remark of an ingenious writer, in the Library of Useful Knowledge, when, in discussing the real and relative value of horses, he observes that the commonest hackney, if in every respect suiting his owner, is priceless

to the possessor. A favorite horse, in fact, though his estimation may only depend upon the whim of his master, is one of this world's goods which can never be thoroughly replaced. It is not, however, when the charge of such property falls exclusively to grooms and others, from one end of the year to another, that you feel its value. The stall-fed palfrey, which you drive along a turnpike from one hotel to another, and abandon when he falls sick for some other means of conveyance, with as little concern as you would exchange your trunk for a portmanteau, or *vice versa*, has but little hold on one's feelings in comparison with the hearty animal with which you wander away, where he meets with no care but such as you bestow upon him; and when you in turn become wholly dependent upon him for overcoming distances and difficulties between places so remote from each other, that not only your comfort, but sometimes your personal safety, depend upon accomplishing the intervals within certain periods—when you push ahead through falling sleet, ford rivers, plunge through snowbanks, or cross morasses, where the matted grass, spreading its carpet over the shaking slough, embarrasses and wearies the step of your sagacious quadruped, while it prevents his feet from sinking into the dangerous quagmire beneath. Three weeks of such intercourse between man and brute are like three rainy days when one is shut up in a country house with strangers.

They cherish a fellowship more cordial than years of ordinary intercourse could engender. It is no little consolation to me that I leave my Bucephalus in excellent hands; nor does this necessary separation so engross my sympathies that I have none to spare for other partings. Upon these, however, I shall not dilate here, though you must not be surprised to find me returning more than once hereafter to characters, scenes, and incidents at Chicago which I have hitherto left untouched.

Harriet Martineau

[From "Society in America."]

CHICAGO looks raw and bare, standing on the high prairie above the lake shore. The houses appeared all insignificant, and run up in various directions, without any principle at all. A friend of mine who resides there had told me that we should find the inns intolerable at the period of the great land sales, which bring a concourse of speculators to the place. It was even so. The very sight of them was intolerable, and there was not room for our party among them all. I do not know what we should have done (unless to betake ourselves to the vessels in the harbor) if our coming had not been foreknown and most kindly provided for. We were divided between three families, who had the art of removing all our scruples about intruding on perfect strangers. None of us will lose the lively and pleasant associations with the place which were caused by the hospitalities of its inhabitants.

I never saw a busier place than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A negro, dressed up in scarlet, bearing a scarlet flag, and riding a white horse with housings of scarlet,

announced the times of sale. At every street corner where he stopped, the crowd flocked round him; and it seemed as if some prevalent mania infected the whole people. The rage for speculation might fairly be so regarded. As the gentlemen of our party walked the streets, storekeepers hailed them from their doors, with offers of farms and all manner of land lots, advising them to speculate before the price of land rose higher. A young lawyer of my acquaintance there had realized five hundred dollars per day the five preceding days, by merely making out titles to land. Another friend had realized, in two years, ten times as much money as he had before fixed upon as a competence for life. Of course, this rapid money making is a merely temporary evil. A bursting of the bubble must come soon. The absurdity of the speculation is so striking that the wonder is that the fever should have attained such a height as I witnessed. The immediate occasion of the bustle which prevailed, the week we were at Chicago, was the sale of lots to the value of two millions of dollars along the course of a projected canal, and of another set immediately behind these. Persons not intending to game, and not infected with mania, would endeavor to form some reasonable conjecture as to the ultimate value of the lots, by calculating the cost of the canal, the risks from accident, from the possible competition from other places, etc., and, finally,

the possible profits, under the most favorable circumstances, within so many years' purchase. Such a calculation would serve as some sort of guide as to the amount of purchase-money to be risked. Whereas, wild land on the banks of a canal not yet even marked out, was selling at Chicago for more than rich land, well improved, in the finest part of the valley of the Mohawk, on the banks of a canal which is already the medium of an almost inestimable amount of traffic. If sharpers and gamblers were to be the sufferers by the impending crash at Chicago, no one would feel much concerned; but they, unfortunately, are the people who encourage the delusion, in order to profit by it. Many a high-spirited but inexperienced young man, many a simple settler, will be ruined for the advantage of knaves.

Others, besides lawyers and speculators by trade, make a fortune in such extraordinary times. A poor man at Chicago had a pre-emption right to some land, for which he paid in the morning one hundred and fifty dollars. In the afternoon, he sold it to a friend of mine for five thousand dollars. A poor Frenchman, married to a squaw, had a suit pending when I was there, which he was likely to gain, for the right of purchasing some land by the lake for one hundred dollars, which would immediately become worth one million dollars.

There was much gayety going on at Chicago, as well as business. On the evening of our

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arrival a fancy fair took place. As I was too fatigued to go, the ladies sent me a bouquet of prairie flowers. There is some allowable pride in the place about its society. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie. There is a mixture, of course. I heard of a family of half-breeds setting up a carriage and wearing fine jewelry. When the present intoxication of prosperity passes away, some of the inhabitants will go back to the eastward; there will be an accession of settlers from the mechanic classes; good houses will have been built for the richer families, and the singularity of the place will subside. It will be like all the other new and thriving lake and river ports of America. Meantime, I am glad to have seen it in its strange early days.

We dined one day with a gentleman who had been Indian agent among the Winnebagos for some years. He and his lady seem to have had the art of making themselves as absolutely Indian in their sympathies and manners as the welfare of the savages among whom they lived required. They were the only persons I met with who, really knowing the Indians, had any regard for them. The testimony was universal to the good faith and other virtues of savage life of the unsophisticated Indians; but they were spoken of in a tone of dislike, as well as

pity, by all but this family, and they certainly had studied their Indian neighbors very thoroughly. The ladies of Indian agents ought to be women of nerve. Our hostess had slept for weeks with a loaded pistol on each side of her pillow, and a dagger under it, when expecting an attack from a hostile tribe. The foe did not, however, come nearer than within a few miles. Her husband's sister was in the massacre when the fort was abandoned, in 1812. Her father and her husband were in the battle, and her mother and young brothers and sisters sat in a boat on the lake near. Out of seventy whites, only seventeen escaped, among whom were her family. She was wounded in the ankle, as she sat on her horse. A painted Indian, in warlike costume, came leaping up to her, and seized her horse, as she supposed, to murder her. She fought him vigorously, and he bore it without doing her any injury. He spoke, but she could not understand him. Another frightful savage came up, and the two led her horse to the lake, and into it, in spite of her resistance, till the water reached their chins. She concluded that they meant to drown her; but they contented themselves with holding her on her horse till the massacre was over, when they led her out in safety. They were friendly Indians, sent by her husband to guard her. She could not but admire their patience when she found how she had been treating her protectors.

We had the fearful pleasure of seeing various savage dances performed by the Indian agent and his brother, with the accompaniments of complete costume, barbaric music, and whooping. The most intelligible to us was the Discovery Dance, a highly descriptive pantomime. We saw the Indian go out armed for war. We saw him reconnoitre, make signs to his comrades, sleep, warm himself, load his rifle, sharpen his scalping-knife, steal through the grass within a rifle-shot of his foes, fire, scalp one of them, and dance, whooping and triumphing. There was a dreadful truth about the whole, and it made our blood run cold. It realized hatred and horror as effectually as Taglioni does love and grace.

We were unexpectedly detained over the Sunday at Chicago; and Dr. F. was requested to preach. Though only two hours' notice was given, a respectable congregation was assembled in the large room of the Lake House, a new hotel then building. Our seats were a few chairs and benches, and planks laid on trestles. The preacher stood behind a rough pine table, on which a large Bible was placed. I was never present at a more interesting service, and I know that there were others who felt with me.

From Chicago, we made an excursion into the prairies. Our young lawyer friend threw behind him the five hundred dollars per day which he was making, and went with us. I

thought him wise for there is that to be had in the wilderness which money cannot buy. We drove out of town at ten o'clock in the morning, too late by two hours; but it was impossible to overcome the introductions to strangers, and the bustle of our preparations, any sooner. Our party consisted of seven, besides the driver. Our vehicle was a wagon with four horses.

We had first to cross the prairie, nine miles wide, on the lake edge of which Chicago stands. This prairie is not usually wet so early in the year; but at this time the water stood almost up to the nave of the wheels, and we crossed it at a walking pace. I saw here, for the first time in the United States, the American primrose. It grew in profusion over the whole prairie, as far as I could see—not so large and fine as in English greenhouses, but graceful and pretty. I now found the truth of what I had read about the difficulty of distinguishing distances on a prairie. The feeling is quite bewildering. A man walking near looks like a Goliath a mile off. I mistook a covered wagon without horses, at a distance of fifty yards, for a white house near the horizon; and so on. We were not sorry to reach the belt of trees which bounded the swamp we had passed. At a house here, where we stopped to water the horses and eat doughnuts, we saw a crowd of emigrants, which showed that we had not yet reached the bounds of civilization.

A little further on we came to the River Aux Plaines, spelled on a sign board "Oplain." The ferry here is a monopoly, and the public suffers accordingly. There is only one small flatboat for the service of the concourse of people now pouring into the prairies. Though we happened to arrive nearly first of the crowd of to-day, we were detained on the bank above an hour; and then our horses went over at two crossings, and the wagon and ourselves at the third. It was a pretty scene, if we had not been in a hurry; the country wagons and teams in the wood by the side of the quiet, clear river, and the oxen swimming over, yoked, with only their patient faces visible above the surface. After crossing, we proceeded briskly till we reached a single house, where, or nowhere, we were to dine. The kind hostess bestirred herself to provide us a good dinner of tea, bread, ham, potatoes, and strawberries, of which a whole pailful, ripe and sweet, had been gathered by the children in the grass round the house, within one hour. While dinner was preparing, we amused ourselves with looking over an excellent small collection of books belonging to Miss Cynthia, the daughter of the hostess.

I never saw insulation (not desolation) to compare with the situation of a settler on a wide prairie. A single house in the middle of Salisbury Plain would be desolate. A single house on a prairie has clumps of trees near it,

rich fields about it and flowers, strawberries, and running water at hand. But when I saw a settler's child tripping out of home bounds, I had a feeling that it would never get back again. It looked like putting out into Lake Michigan in a canoe. The soil round the dwellings is very rich. It makes no dust, it is so entirely vegetable. It requires merely to be once turned over to produce largely; and at present it appears to be inexhaustible. As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more like what all travelers compare it to—a boundless English park. The grass was wilder, the occasional footpath not so trim, and the single trees less majestic; but no park ever displayed anything equal to the grouping of the trees within the windings of the blue, brimming River Aux Plaines.

We had met with so many delays that we felt doubts about reaching the place where we had intended to spend the night. At sunset, we found ourselves still nine miles from Joliet,* but we were told the road was good, except a small "slew" or two; and there was half a moon shining behind a thin veil of clouds, so we pushed on. We seemed latterly to be traveling on a terrace overlooking a wide

*I preserve the original name, which is that of the first French missionary who visited these parts. The place is now commonly called Juliet, and a settlement near has actually been named Romeo; so that I fear there is little hope of a restoration of the honorable primitive name.

champaign, where a dark, waving line might indicate the winding of the river between its clumpy banks. Our driver descended and went forward, two or three times, to make sure of our road; and at length, we rattled down a steep descent and found ourselves among houses. This was not our resting-place, however. The Joliet hotel lay on the other side of the river. We were directed to a foot-bridge by which we were to pass; and a ford below for the wagon. We strained our eyes in vain for the foot-bridge; and our gentlemen peeped and pried for some time. All was still but the rippling river, and everybody asleep in the houses that were scattered about. We ladies were presently summoned to put on our waterproof shoes, and alight. A man showed himself who had risen from his bed to help us in our need. The foot-bridge consisted, for some way, of two planks, with a handrail on one side; but, when we were about a third of the way over, one half of the planks, and the handrail had disappeared. We actually had to cross the rushing, deep river on a line of single planks; by dim moonlight, at past eleven o'clock at night. The great anxiety was about Charley, but between his father and the guide, he managed very well. This guide would accept nothing but thanks. He "did not calculate to take any pay." Then we waited some time for the wagon to come up from the ford.

I suspected it had passed the spot where we

stood and had proceeded to the village, where we saw a twinkling light, now disappearing and now reappearing. It was so, and the driver came back to look for us, and tell us that the light we saw was a signal from the hotel-keeper, whom we found standing on his door-step, and sheltering his candle with his hand. We sat down and drank milk in the bar, while he went to consult with his wife what was to be done with us, as every bed in the house was occupied. We, meanwhile, agreed that the time was now come for us to enjoy an adventure which we had often anticipated—sleeping in a barn. We had all declared ourselves anxious to sleep in a barn, if we could meet with one that was air-tight and well supplied with hay. Such a barn was actually on these premises. We were prevented, however, from all practicing the freak by the prompt hospitality of our hostess. Before we knew what she was about, she had risen and dressed herself, put clean sheets on her own bed, and made up two others on the floor of the same room; so that the ladies and Charley were luxuriously accommodated. Two sleepy personages crawled downstairs to offer their beds to our gentlemen. Mr. L. and our Chicago friend, however, persisted in sleeping in the barn. Next morning, we all gave a very gratifying report of our lodgings. When we made our acknowledgments to our hostess, she said she thought that people who could go to bed

quietly every night ought to be ready to give up to tired travelers. Whenever she travels, I hope she will be treated as she treated us. She let us have breakfast as early as half-past five the next morning, and gave Charley a bun at parting, lest he should be too hungry before we could dine.

The great object of our expedition, Mount Joliet, was two miles distant from this place. We had to visit it and perform the journey back to Chicago, forty miles, before night. The mount is only sixty feet high; yet it commands a view which I shall not attempt to describe, either in its vastness or its soft beauty. The very spirit of tranquillity resides in this paradisy scene. The next painter who would worthily illustrate Milton's Morning Hymn should come and paint what he sees from Mount Joliet, on a dewy summer's morning, when a few light clouds are gently sailing in the sky, and their shadows traversing the prairie. I thought I had never seen green levels till now, and only among mountains had I before known the beauty of wandering showers. Mount Joliet has the appearance of being an artificial mound, its sides are so uniformly steep and its form so regular. Its declivity was bristling with flowers, among which were conspicuous the scarlet lily, the white convolvulus, and a tall, red flower of the scabia form. We disturbed a night-hawk, sitting on her eggs, on the ground. She wheeled round and round over

our heads, and I hope returned to her eggs before they were cold.

Not far from the mount was a log house, where the rest of the party went in to dry their feet, after having stood long in the wet grass. I remained outside, watching the light showers, shifting in the partial sunlight from clump to level, and from reach to reach of the brimming and winding river. The nine miles of prairie which we had traversed in dim moonlight last night were now exquisitely beautiful, as the sun shone fitfully upon them.

We saw a prairie wolf, very like a yellow dog, trotting across our path this afternoon. Our hostess of the preceding day, expecting us, had an excellent dinner ready for us. We were detained a shorter time at the ferry, and reached the belt of trees at the edge of Nine-mile Prairie before sunset. Here, in common prudence, we ought to have stopped till the next day, even if no other accommodation could be afforded us than a roof over our heads. We deserved an ague for crossing the swamp after dark, in an open wagon, at a foot pace. Nobody was aware of this in time, and we set forward, the feet of our weary horses plashing in water at every step of the nine miles. There was no road, and we had to trust to the instinct of driver and horses to keep us in the right direction. I rather think the driver attempted to amuse himself by exciting our fears. He hinted more than once at the difficulty of find-

ing the way; at the improbability that we should reach Chicago before midnight; and at the danger of our wandering about the marsh all night, and finding ourselves at the opposite edge of the prairie in the morning. Charley was bruised and tired. All the rest were hungry and cold. It was very dreary. The driver bade us look to our right hand. A black bear was trotting alongside of us, at a little distance. After keeping up his trot for some time, he turned off from our track. The sight of him made up for all—even if ague should follow, which I verily believed it would. But we escaped all illness. It is remarkable that I never saw ague but once. The single case that I met with was in autumn, at the Falls of Niagara.

I had promised Dr. F. a long story about English politics, when a convenient opportunity should occur. I thought the present an admirable one; for nobody seemed to have anything to say, and it was highly desirable that something should be said. I made my story long enough to beguile four miles; by which time some were too tired, and others too much disheartened, for more conversation. Something white was soon after visible. Our driver gave out that it was a house, half a mile from Chicago. But no: it was an emigrant encampment on a morsel of raised, dry ground; and again we were uncertain whether we were in the right road. Presently, however, the Chicago

beacon was visible, shining a welcome to us through the dim, misty air. The horses seemed to see it, for they quickened their pace; and before half-past ten we were on the bridge.

The family at my temporary home were gone up to their chambers; but the woodfire was soon replenished, tea made, and the conversation growing lively. My companions were received as readily at their several resting places. When we next met, we found ourselves all disposed to place warm hospitality very high on the list of virtues.

John Wentworth

[A Lecture delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society, May 7, 1876.]

ONE year ago, I gave a lecture at this place, as I then stated to you, "with a view of exciting among our people a spirit of historical research which would result in recovering lost newspapers and documents, and placing upon record the experiences of our early settlers." I had no ambition to figure as a lecturer, or as a historian. I waited until the regular lecture course was finished. The proceeds were given with pleasure to the Committee for the employment of men more at home in the lecture field, as the proceeds of this lecture will be,—such men as pass six months in preparing one, two, or three lectures, and pass the next six months in delivering them. As this is their sole means of living, it is right that they should be well paid for them; and it is one of the noble objects of this Association to furnish you, at an hour when you have no worldly pursuits nor religious entertainments, for ten cents, what other people on a weekday pay from fifty cents to a dollar for.

I can think of no other object that would have brought me before you with a written lecture. I felt that the duty peculiarly devolved

upon me, and I performed it with pleasure. There are scarcely half a dozen persons, habituated to public speaking, who were here before the city was incorporated. I was sole conductor of a public press for twenty-five years lacking a few months. It seemed proper that I should lead off in this important matter.

The Chicago Democrat was commenced on the 26th of November, 1833, by the late John Calhoun, whose widow now resides in this city. Augustine D. Taylor, now living in this city, saw the press landed; and Walter Kimball, now living in this city, was a visitor in the office, and saw the first number printed. That paper fell into my hands in November, 1836, and contained not only a history of current events, but also a vast amount of information touching the early history of the entire Northwest. It is a sad reflection that the same fire which swept away my files, also swept away those of everyone else, and all our public records. But there are copies of *The Chicago Democrat* scattered all over the Northwest, as well as of other papers and documents that will be of service in restoring our lost history. No person should destroy any papers or documents of a date prior to the fire. If there is no one who wants them, let them be sent to me, and I will take care of them until our Chicago Historical Society becomes reorganized. Our old settlers are fast passing away. Some of the few remaining have very

retentive memories. Let them not be discouraged because they do not remember dates. It is events that we want; and by comparing them with other events, the dates of which we know, we can in time obtain the exact dates of all of them. While so many of our old settlers have passed away, there yet may be remaining among their effects old papers whose value their legal representatives do not appreciate. Many old packages have been given to me, with the remark that they did not see of what use they could be to me. One widow sent me some pieces of newspapers, which the mice had kindly spared, with the remark that she was ashamed to be sending such old trash to any one; but from them facts enough were gathered to save another widow from being swindled out of her homestead. When I lectured before, it was a matter of dispute what was the name of the first steamboat that ever came to Chicago, and who was the person in command. She came to bring the troops for the Black Hawk War in 1832, and brought the cholera with them. All that was known for a certainty was the place where they dug the pit into which they most unceremoniously plunged the dead bodies. That was remembered because it was the site of the old American Temperance House, northwest corner of Lake Street and Wabash Avenue; and many old settlers remembered that from the fact that they always passed by the Temperance House

on the other side, and so could read the sign. The river and lake water, which we had to drink in those days, was considered unhealthy. I made a statement as to the name of that boat, based upon what I considered the best authority. But when I had finished, a gentleman came upon the stage and gave me another name, claiming that he helped fit out the very vessel at Cleveland, and I changed my manuscript to correspond. But some of the reporters published the statement as I delivered it, and thus two statements were before the public as given by me. Thus different persons, anxious to assist me in re-establishing the landmarks of history, had an opportunity, by quoting the one statement to provoke discussion by insisting that the other statement was true, when they really did not know any more about the matter than I did, and had perhaps consulted only one authority, when I had previously consulted many. But a lady, in looking over her old papers, found, where she least expected it, a *Chicago Democrat* dated March 14, 1861, containing a letter from Captain A. Walker, giving a history of the whole expedition, showing that both statements were correct. The United States Government chartered four steamers to bring troops and supplies to Chicago, and their names were the *Superior*, *Henry Clay*, *William Penn*, and *Sheldon Thompson;* but the *Superior* and *Henry Clay* were sent back when the cholera broke out on board.

Captain Walker says, that when he arrived at Chicago, in July, 1832, there were but five dwelling-houses here, three of which were made of logs. There are other old newspapers yet to be found settling questions equally as interesting.

All must admit, that there has been more said about the history of Chicago, and more important publications made, the past year than ever before. Booksellers inform me that they have had within the past year, a greater demand than in all time before for all works appertaining to the history of the Northwest, and that they have had, all the while, standing orders for such works as are out of print. And it is to encourage a still further research that I address you today. And, if the result of this year's researches is not satisfactory, I shall feel myself in duty bound to address you again in a year from this time. Many aged settlers have thanked me for bringing them into a higher appreciation. One octogenarian lady informs me that, for the past fifteen years, when any young company came to the house, she was expected to leave the room. After my lecture, she said she saw a gentleman approaching the house, and she left the room as usual. But soon her granddaughter came out and said, "It is you he wants." And this was the first gentleman caller she had had for fifteen years. When she entered the room, and he told her he wanted to inquire about

early Chicago, she felt as if her youth had come again, and she told the others that it was their time to leave the room. She said, "He has been to see me six times, and has printed nearly all I said, and there is not another member of our large family who has ever said a word that was thought of sufficient importance to be printed; and now I am thinking over what I know about early Chicago, and letting the newspapers have it." She observed with great force that the young folks were constantly asking her how she used to get along amid early privations, and she insisted that, if I ever lectured again, I should assert that the early settlers of Chicago were the happiest people in the world, as I believe they were. But a strict regard for the real historical purposes of this lecture will permit me to allude only incidentally to our early sources of entertainment.

We are apt to speak of Chicago as a new city. But it is not so, compared with the great mass of other cities in the United States. Take out Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and what is there older, in the date of its incorporation, in the West, extending to the Pacific? But when our city was organized we had no Pacific possessions, save Oregon Territory, which we then owned in common with Great Britain. The future historian of America will not, however, take into consideration the date of our incorporation.

The ancient Romans were in the habit of dating events from the foundation of their city. But *Urbs condita* or *Chicago condita* will never be a reckoning point in our city's history. Even in this assembly, there are not as many who know in what year our city was incorporated as in one of our public schools there are children who can spell Melchisedec, notwithstanding modern politicians have kicked from the public schools the Book that contained the eighth commandment.

From Washington's inauguration, in 1789, to Chicago's first mayor's inauguration, in 1837, we have but forty-eight years, a period of time that the future historian of America when speaking of Chicago, will not notice. But a resident of Chicago was not elected to Congress until 1843, and yet he became associated not only with men prominent under every administration of the United States Government, and many of them born before the inauguration of Washington, but with some born even before the Declaration of Independence, and two, at least, before the tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor. John Quincy Adams was born in 1767, and he was accustomed to tell us that among his earliest recollections was that of hearing the report of the guns at the battle of Bunker Hill. Benjamin Tappan, Senator from Ohio, was born in 1773. Then there was Henry Clay, Secretary of State while John Quincy Adams was

President, United States Senator as early as 1806, Speaker of the House in 1811, born in 1777, nine months after the Declaration of Independence, and one who could collect a larger crowd and disperse it quicker and in better humor than any other man who ever lived in America. I shall never forget my last interview with Henry Clay, and its description is appropriate to the history of Chicago. Our harbor was suffering for appropriations. President Polk had vetoed them all. A change of dynasties had been effected. Millard Fillmore was the acting President and he was a warm friend of our harbor. It was in the spring of 1851. The Harbor bill had passed the House, and was sent to the Senate at a late day, and the controlling spirits had managed to keep it back until a still later day. The Southern Senators, under the lead of Jefferson Davis, spoke against time, declaring the bill unconstitutional. Clay did all that man could do for us, but in vain. Our bill was talked to death. Clay came on with us to New York City, to take a steamer for New Orleans. As the vessel was about to sail, we went on board to take our leave of him, and we all expressed a hope that the next time he returned home he would go around by the Lakes. He replied, "I never go where the Constitution does not go. Hence I must travel by salt water. Make your lakes constitutional. Keep up the war until your lake harbors get their deserved

appropriations, and then I will come out and see you." We finally got the Constitution out here, but not until after Henry Clay had paid the debt of nature.

Then there was John C. Calhoun, Vice-President while John Quincy Adams was President in 1825; a member of Congress in 1811; Secretary of War when the reconstruction of our fort was completed in 1817; born in 1782, the year before Great Britain acknowledged our independence. He said his name came once very nearly being associated with Chicago, as the new fort had been completed while he was Secretary of War, and it was suggested that it be called Fort Calhoun. But he did not think it right to change the old name which had been given in honor of General Henry Dearborn, who was Secretary of War when the first fort was built, in 1804. Official documents tell us that in 1803, Captain John Whistler, then a lieutenant at Detroit, was ordered here to build the fort, that his troops came by land, and that he, with his family and his supplies, came round by the lakes in the United States schooner *Tracy*, with Dorr for master. This probably was the first sail-vessel that ever came to Chicago. I can think of no business that could have brought one here before. This Captain John Whistler was father of Colonel William Whistler, who died in 1863, and was so favorably known by our early settlers, and who was father-in-law of the late Robert A. Kinzie, of this city.

Besides, there was Judge William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, born in 1779; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, born in 1782; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, born in 1786; and Judge Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, born in 1789.

Then there were three men whose names are identified with the history of the West. There was Lewis Cass, born in 1782, appointed, in 1813, governor of the Northwestern Territory, then embracing Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and all west. And William Woodbridge, born in 1780, appointed in 1814, secretary of the same Territory. These gentlemen were walking histories of the Northwest. Then there was Thomas H. Benton, born in 1782, Senator when Missouri was admitted in 1821, who made his first trips to Washington on horseback. Add his knowledge to that of Messrs. Woodbridge and Cass, and we have a complete history of the entire West. Many now before me will remember the patriotic lecture he delivered here in the spring of 1857, upon the approaching crisis to this country, about a year before his death, probably the last lecture of his life. Nor should I fail to mention General Henry Dodge, the Anthony Wayne of his period, born also in 1782, one of the first Senators from Wisconsin.

A single member of Congress, and the first one elected from Chicago, was associated in Congress with two members who served in

President Monroe's Cabinet, one in President J. Q. Adams', three in President Jackson's, one in President Van Buren's, five in President Harrison's, four in President Tyler's, four in President Polk's, four in President Taylor's, seven in President Fillmore's, four in President Pierce's, five in President Buchanan's, and six in President Lincoln's; embracing a period of American official history from 1817; and some of these men were born before the tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor.

For some years after Chicago elected her first member of Congress, the widow of President Madison gave receptions at Washington, and on the first of January her guests were shown apartments where were suspended dresses which she had worn upon all great occasions, including the receptions of Presidents Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and her husband. James Madison was not only a member of the Continental Congress, but also a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, and so continued during the terms of Washington's Presidency; and was Secretary of State under Mr. Jefferson's Administration. So this lady had ample opportunity to know the customs of every preceding period of our governmental history. Now, if her heirs bring out these dresses for the Centennial (she had no children), the public will be astonished at their remarkably small number, she not having had, in over a quarter of a century, what

the wife of the average office-holder of these days will have in a single year.

Then there was the widow of General Alexander Hamilton, the confidant of General Washington in the Revolution, and his Secretary of the Treasury, who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. She was born in 1757, and died at Washington in 1854. She was soliciting Congress to aid her in publishing her husband's works. She could tell all about her father, General Philip Schuyler, of the American Revolution; the personal appearance of General Washington and his lady; and of almost all other public persons of the Revolutionary period. In fact, when you sent your first member of Congress to Washington, all society was redolent with scenes of the Revolutionary period; and here in our midst were several Revolutionary soldiers; and one, Father David Kenison, who claimed to have been one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor.

You will excuse me for digressing from the direct purpose of this lecture if I here state to you, that since I commenced writing it, I have received a letter from an old colleague in Congress, who was born the same year Great Britain acknowledged our independence — 1783 — as it will probably be the last opportunity that many of you will ever have of hearing a letter read from a man now living who is older than our government; I allude to

the Hon. Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts. He is the oldest ex-member of Congress now living, in his 93d year. Do you want to hear what the veteran says?

My health, considering my age, is quite good. But my time for taking any active part in public matters is past. Still, however, I feel a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country, and am pained to hear of the corruption and frauds of so many of our public men. It appears to me that it is of the highest importance that our circulating medium should have a fixed and permanent value, which it cannot have but by a specie basis. I should be very much pleased to receive a letter from you, with your views of public matters.

I answered his letter in one word, "Amen!"

Thus you will see that our history laps so closely upon the Revolutionary period that there is no precise point at which we can say that Chicago began, unless it be in 1832, when the marching of the troops of General Scott to Rock Island, on the Mississippi, called attention to the fertility of the soil and the beautiful locations west of us. We often hear of different men who have done much for Chicago, by their writings, their speeches, or their enterprise. But I have never heard of a man who has done more for Chicago than Chicago has done for him. God made Lake Michigan and the country to the west of it; and, when we come to estimate who have done the most for Chicago, the glory belongs first to the enterprising farmers who raised a surplus of produce and

sent it here for shipment; and second, to the hardy sailors who braved the storms of our harborless lakes to carry it to market. All other classes were the incidents, and not the necessities, of our embryo city. Chicago is but the index of the prosperity of our agricultural classes. And to this day we hear Chicago mercantile failures attributed to the inability of farmers to get their produce to market, when the roads are in a bad condition. If we pass by the impetus given to the agricultural development of the country west of Chicago by the Black Hawk War of 1832, we must admit that we are passing into the bi-centennial period. What did Chicago know of the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, the Peace of 1783, or the inauguration of Washington, until years afterwards? It is probable that Captain Whistler, when he came here to build the fort of 1804, brought to Chicago the first information on these subjects, and probably had to employ an interpreter to explain it. It was probably his chaplain that made the first prayer for the President of the United States and all in authority; and his vessel that first floated the Stars and Stripes on Lake Michigan. But there were prayers here two hundred years ago, and a flag that did not denote our national independence, but French territorial aggrandizement.

I have used my best efforts to find the earliest recognition of Chicago by any official

authority. Charlevoix and other French writers make mention of the place, but I cannot find that the French Government in any way recognized it. After the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain, the whole Illinois country was placed under the local administration of Canada by a bill which passed the British Parliament in 1766, known as the "Quebec Bill;" but there is nothing to prove that the Canadian Government took any official notice of this place. It may be interesting to know what was religious liberty in those days. At the period of the change of government from the French, under the treaty of Paris, in 1763, Thomas Gage was commander-in-chief of the British king's troops in North America; and in 1764 he issued a proclamation authorizing the Roman Catholics of Illinois to exercise the worship of their religion in the same manner as they did in Canada, and to go wherever they pleased, even to New Orleans.

In October, 1778, the House of Burgesses of Virginia created the County of Illinois, appointed John Todd, of Kentucky, civil commander, and authorized all the civil officers to which the inhabitants had been accustomed, to be chosen by a majority of the citizens of their respective districts. From this we should infer that there were then settlements somewhere in the state. But I can find nothing of Chicago while we belonged to Virginia. The late Wm. H. Brown, of this city,

in a lecture before our Historical Society, in 1865, said: "The French inhabitants of Kaskaskia, in 1818, the year in which I made my residence there, claimed that that village was founded in 1707. There were evidences at that time (the remains of former edifices, among them the Jesuit College) that their chronology was substantially correct."

In 1788, General Arthur St. Clair became governor of the entire Northwestern Territory, and was the first man to fill that position. The seat of government for Chicago people was then at Marietta, Ohio. In 1790 he came to Kaskaskia (some writers say Cahokia) and organized what is now the entire State of Illinois into a county, which he named for himself. Besides this there were but two counties in the whole Northwestern Territory—the County of Knox, embracing Indiana, and the County of Hamilton, embracing Ohio. But there is nothing to show that Chicago at that time was known to the civil authorities. Besides consulting all the early writers upon the subject, I have corresponded with all the men in the country who I thought would know anything concerning it. And I cannot find anyone who has any authority for stating that there was any official recognition of Chicago until General Wayne's treaty, made at Greenville in 1795, in which he acquired title from the Indians to "a tract of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicago River, where a

fort formerly stood." Greenville is in the southwestern part of Ohio, in Dark County, upon the Indiana state line. There is nothing to show that, at that time, General Wayne came any farther west, not even as far as Fort Wayne, although he appears to have had the same knowledge of the importance of the position of Fort Wayne as he did of that of Chicago. Why the fort at this place, referred to, was built here, and who built it, I have not been able to ascertain. As the French and Indians were always allies, there is no reason why the French should have built such a fort. It may be that it was built by one of the tribes of Indians to defend the place from some other tribe. But offsetting tradition against General Wayne's official recognition of a fort here, it may be that there was a mere trading and storehouse, surrounded by pickets. The prevailing impression is that such was the character of all those places called forts prior to the abdication of the French authority. Colonel Gurdon S. Hubbard, our oldest living settler, who was here in 1818, favors this idea, and has reminded me of an almost forgotten, but at one time extensively received, tradition, that this old fort, or palisaded trading-post, was on the West Side, upon the North Branch, near where Indiana Street now crosses it; and it was erected, or at least was at one time occupied, by a Frenchman named Garie, and hence the tradition that our North Branch river was once called "Garie's River."

There was a powerful chief of the Illinois named Chicagou, who went to France in the year 1725. The Hon. Sidney Breese, who settled at Kaskaskia in 1818, who was in the United States Senate six years during my service in Congress, and who still honors our Supreme Court, is the best informed man in Illinois history now living. He writes me:

I know of no authorized recognition of Chicago as a place on this globe, anterior to Wayne's treaty. I have a copy of a map, which I made from one in the Congressional Library, which I found among the papers of President Jefferson, made in 1685; in which is a place on the lake shore, about where your city is, marked "Chicagou;" and Father Louis Vivier, who was a priest at Kaskaskia in 1752, in a letter to his Superior, says: "Chikagou was a celebrated Indian chief, who went to Paris, and the Duchess of Orleans at Versailles, gave him a splendid snuff-box, which he was proud to exhibit, on his return, to his brother redskins."

Some have contended that our city was named from him. But Charlevoix, in his History of New France, gives us that name as early as 1671, in which year, he says, a French voyageur, named Nicholas Perrot, went to Chicago, at the lower end of Lake Michigan, where the Miamis then were. This was before Father James Marquette came here.

The treaty of Greenville, at the time considered of no other importance than as settling our difficulties with the Indians, afterwards became a matter of very serious importance in the settlement of our difficulties with Great Britain,

while the Treaty of Ghent was being negotiated 1814. When the commissioners met, the Americans were surprised by the British commissioners demanding the recognition of that treaty as the basis of negotiations as to the western boundary of the United States. The British at first refused to negotiate except upon the basis of that treaty, and insisted upon the entire sovereignty and independence of the Indian Confederacy. They claimed the Indians as their allies, and considered themselves bound to protect them in their treaty. It will be remembered that the Indians had, for a long time, received annuities from the French Government, and that these annuities were continued by Great Britain after the treaty of cession in 1763; and that, after our independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, the Indians annually sent delegations to Canada to receive these annuities. During the pendency of these negotiations it was ascertained that there had been an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the celebrated Chief Tecumseh and the British authorities. After discussing the matter and finding the Americans peremptorily refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Indians, the British commissioners proposed that the United States and Great Britain should exercise a joint protectorate over the Indians, and consider all the territory not acknowledged to belong to the United States by the treaty of Greenville as

embraced within that protectorate. This would have left the six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago River in a permanently Indian country. The West would have been situated similarly to Oregon, which was so long held under the joint occupation of Great Britain and the United States; and the final result of the joint occupation would have been the same as in Oregon, a division of the territory; a part of it, perhaps including Chicago, being attached, in the end, to Canadian provinces. The British commissioners were so pertinacious on this subject that it was thought at one time that negotiations would have to be given up. And when the British commissioners finally yielded, the British Government received the bitter curses of the Indians.

Billy Caldwell, better known in Chicago as Sauganash, who lived here several years after I came here, and was well known to me personally, had been the intimate friend of Tecumseh, and declared that if Tecumseh had been living he would have aroused all the Indians in the Northwest in a general warfare upon the Canadian settlements, in retaliation for what he considered the treachery at Ghent. Caldwell, to the day of his death, insisted that Tecumseh, not long before he was killed, predicted that the British in time would abandon them, and seriously meditated, during the War of 1812, upon going over to the Americans with all his forces. Caldwell was

the son of an Irish colonel in the British army, stationed upon the Detroit frontier, whose name he bore. His mother was Tecumseh's own sister. He ultimately went to his tribe at the Pottawatomie Reservation in Shawnee County, Kansas, and died there.

When the Illinois territory was a part of Indiana, our seat of government was at Vincennes. When it was set off from Indiana, in 1809, the whole territory was organized into two counties, St. Clair and Randolph. Judge Breese, whose home was in Kaskaskia in 1818, informs me that his home was never in the same county with Chicago, being in the southern County of Randolph.

From St. Clair County, what is now Cook County was set off in the new County of Madison; thence in the new County of Crawford; in 1819, in the new County of Clark; and so little was then known of the northern country, that the act creating Clark County extended it to the Canada line. In 1821, we were set off in the new County of Pike; in 1823, in the new County of Fulton; and in 1825, in the new County of Peoria. I have not only caused the county records of these counties to be examined, but have also corresponded with their earliest settlers, and I can find no official recognition of Chicago until we reach Fulton County. The clerk of that county writes me, that the earliest mention of Chicago in the records is the order of an election at the

term of the Fulton County Commissioners' Court, September 2, 1823, to choose one major and company officers, polls at Chicago to be opened at the house of John Kinzie. The returns of this election cannot be found, if they were ever made. As the county was organized in 1823, this, of course, was the first election under the organization of the county. The same court ordered, April 27, 1824, that the sheriff, Abner Eads, be released from paying the money tax collected at Chicago by Ransom. In those days the sheriffs were ex-officio collectors of taxes. It seems that they had defaulters in those days, as well as now. It would be a gratifying historical fact if we could know how much this man Ransom collected, as showing the financial resources of our population at that time, when all the real estate belonged to the general government. The numerous followers of this man Ransom have shown their ingratitude to the founder of their sect by their failure to erect any monument to his memory, or to name after him a street, a schoolhouse, or a fire-engine house. These Ransomites are getting to be a numerous body of men, and their motto is, "Keep what you collect." One election and one steal are all that the records of Fulton County show for Chicago.

The clerk of Peoria County writes me, that his earliest records commence March 8, 1825. From these records I learn that John Kinzie was commissioned justice of the peace July 28,

1825. He was the first justice of the peace resident at Chicago. Alexander Wolcott, his son-in-law, and John B. Beaubien, were commissioned September 10 of the same year.

I have also the assessment roll of John L. Bogardus, assessor of Peoria County, for the year 1825, dated July 25, which is as follows:

	Taxpayer's Name	Valuation	Tax
1	Beaubien, John B.	$1000	$10.00
2	Clybourne, Jonas	625	6.25
3	Clark, John K	250	2.50
4	Crafts, John	5000	50.00
5	Clermont, Jeremy	100	1.00
6	Coutra, Louis	50	.50
7	Kinzie, John	500	5.00
8	Laframboise, Claude	100	1.00
9	Laframboise, Joseph	50	.50
10	McKee, David	100	1.00
11	Piche, Peter	100	1.00
12	Robinson, Alexander	200	2.00
13	Wolcott, Alexander	572	5.72
14	Wilemet [Ouilmette] Antoine	400	4.00

The entire valuation, land then being not taxable, of all the property in Chicago was $9,047, and the rate was one per cent. But the property of the American Fur Company was assessed to John Crafts, its agent, at $5,000. He was a bachelor, and died the next year, and Mr. Kinzie was appointed in his place. Deducting the American Fur Company's assessment, we have only $4,047, as the personal property of Chicago, in 1825, $40.47 as the tax, and thirteen as the number of taxpayers.

The clerk sent me a copy of two poll-books used at Chicago—one at an election held August 7, 1826, containing thirty-five names; the other at an election held August 2, 1830, containing thirty-two names; thus showing a decrease of three voters in four years. I will read you the names of our voters in 1826, and you will see that only ten of the fourteen tax-payers in 1825 then voted:

1 Augustin Banny. [Bannot?]
2 Henry Kelley.
3 Daniel Bourassea.
4 Cole Weeks
5 Antoine Ouilmette. 1825
6 John Baptiste Secor.
7 Joseph Catie.
8 Benjamin Russell.
9 Basile Displattes.
10 Francis Laframboise, Sr.
11 Francis Laframboise, Jr.
12 Joseph Laframboise. 1825
13 Alexander Larant.
14 Francis Laducier.
15 Peter Chavellie.
16 Claude Laframboise. 1825
17 Jeremiah Clairmore [Clermont?] '25
18 Peter Junio.
19 John Baptiste Lafortune.
20 John Baptiste Malast.
21 Joseph Pothier.
22 Alexander Robinson. 1825
23 John K. Clark. 1825
24 David McKee. 1825
25 Joseph Anderson.
26 Joseph Pepot.
27 John Baptiste Beaubien. 1825
28 John Kinzie. 1825

29 Archibald Clybourne.
30 Billy Caldwell.
31 Martin Vansicle.
32 Paul Jamboe.
33 Jonas Clybourne. 1825
34 Edward G. Ament.
35 Samuel Johnston.

I will now read you the names of our voters in 1830, showing that only three of the fourteen tax payers of 1825 then voted:

1 Stephen J. Scott.
2 John B. Beaubien, 1825, 1826.
3 Leon Bourassea.
4 B. H. Laughton.
5 Jesse Walker.
6 Medard B. Beaubien.
7 John Baptiste Chavellea.
8 James Kinzie.
9 Russell E. Heacock.
10 James Brown.
11 Jos. Laframboise. 1825, 1826.
12 John L. Davis.
13 William See.
14 John Van Horn.
15 John Mann.
16 David Van Eaton.
17 Stephen Mack.
18 Jonathan Nash Bailey.
19 Alexander McDale. [McDole?]
20 John S. C. Hogan.
21 David McKee. 1825, 1826
22 Billy Caldwell. 1826
23 Joseph Thibeaut.
24 Peter Frique.
25 Mark Beaubien.
26 Laurant Martin.
27 John Baptiste Secor. 1826
28 Joseph Bauskey.

29 Michael Welch.
30 Francis Laducier. 1826
31 Lewis Ganday.
32 Peresh Leclerc.

It is a remarkable commentary upon the fickleness of our population, that only six of the men who voted in 1826 voted in 1830; and these six were half-breeds or government employés. Father John Kinzie, however, died between the two elections, upon the 6th of January, 1828, aged 65. But there were some not voting at the second election, such as the late Archibald Clybourne, his father Jonas, and half-brother John K. Clark, who ended their days with us. The half-breeds and French who did not vote may have been away on a hunting and trading expedition. The voters in 1826 seem to have understood their true interest, being dependents upon the fort, as every one of them voted the Administration ticket, John Quincy Adams then being President. If there were ever three men in the United States who electrified the whole country with their fiery denunciations of the military power, they were President John Quincy Adams, his Vice-President, John C. Calhoun, and his Secretary of State, Henry Clay. Neither of the three ever forget General Jackson! It would have seemed malicious, and yet quite pertinent, on the part of the Chicago member of Congress to have asked either of these gentlemen whether it was not a singular fact,

that while Mr. Adams was President, the people of Chicago unanimously voted with the fort. Ninian Edwards for governor, Samuel H. Thompson for lieutenant-governor, Daniel P. Cook for congressman, the Administration candidates, each received thirty-five votes, being all there were. The much-complained-of military power of the present day has never secured a greater unanimity in the colored vote of the South. But four years later, in 1830, when Andrew Jackson was President, there was a material change in the politics of the place. John Reynolds, the Jackson candidate for governor, received twenty-two out of the thirty-two votes cast. Of the six who voted at both elections, and who voted for the Adams candidate in 1826, five voted for the Jackson candidate in 1830; showing their consistency by each time voting with the Administration, or more properly with the fort. Billy Caldwell, the Sauganash, the nephew of Tecumseh, voted the Jackson ticket; while Joseph Laframboise, a noted Indian chief, stood out and voted against it. Perhaps General Jackson, in some of the early Indian wars, had caused the death of some of Laframboise' relatives or friends. Up to 1848, we had the *viva voce* system of voting in the State of Illinois. Each man went up to the polls, with or without a ticket in his hands, and told whom he wanted to vote for, and the judges so recorded it. But in those days, the masses knew as little whom they

were voting for as they do now. For the judges often read off the names of the candidates from the tickets and the voter would nod his head. There was no chance, however, for stuffing the ballot-box under the *viva voce* system. It may account for the falling off of the vote between 1826 and 1830, that some persons would not vote the Jackson ticket, and yet disliked to vote against the fort. There were four of the Laframboise family voting in 1826 and only one in 1830. The names of voters in 1826 indicate that full three fourths of them were French and half-breeds. The judges in 1826 were Father John Kinzie, the late General John B. Beaubien, and Billy Caldwell. The clerks were the late Archibald Clybourne and his half-brother John K. Clark. The election was held at the Agency House, in Chicago Precinct, Peoria County. The Agency House was on the North Side, and was the second house built in Chicago, Mr. Kinzie's being the first. The Indian agent was Dr. Alexander Wolcott, who died in 1830, son-in-law of Mr. Kinzie.

The election of 1830 was held in the house of James Kinzie, Chicago Precinct, Peoria County. This house was on the West Side, near the forks of the river. The South Side had no status at that time, there being nothing then on that side except the fort and lighthouse building, and the log houses of the two Beaubien brothers,—one residing at the lake

shore, and one near the forks of the river, with such a marsh between that, much of the time, their most convenient way of visiting each other was in boats in the river.

The judges at the election of 1830 were Russell E. Heacock, the first lawyer to settle in Chicago, General John B. Beaubien, one of the judges in 1826, and James Kinzie. The clerks were Medard B. Beaubien, well known in this city, now principal agent of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians at Silver Lake, Shawnee County, Kansas, and Jesse Walker. The names of voters in 1830 indicate a large influx of the Anglo-Saxon race; but among them was one Irishman, probably the first Irishman who ever trod the Chicago soil. The first thought that occurred to me was, What could bring an Irishman out here all alone? Who was to help him celebrate St. Patrick's Day? Who was to attend his wake? His name was Michael Welch. What have our many Irish aldermen been thinking of that they have never given us, in honor of their first settler, a Welch Avenue, a Welch Street, a Welch schoolhouse or a Welch fire-engine? The next thought that occurred to me was, What could he be doing out here all by himself? Now, what would an Irishman naturally do when he found himself here all alone, hundreds of miles distant from any other Irishman? He was a bugler. He blew his horn. He was a discharged soldier, and, having faithfully

served out his time, he stopped long enough to vote the straight Jackson ticket, and then joined Captain Jesse Brown's Rangers and marched on to clear the Indians out of the way of his coming countrymen, who were already aroused by his bugle's blast, as his patron St. Patrick, centuries before, had cleared the snakes out of his way in the land of his nativity.

Captain Jesse Brown was a brother of the late Judge Thomas C. Brown, of our Supreme Court, and was authorized by President Jackson to raise a company of men, who were called "Brown's Rangers," and was ordered to report to General Stephen W. Kearny, on the western frontier.

There is a prevailing impression that Irishmen never go anywhere except in squads. But the history of the American continent will prove that Irishmen have ventured as far alone upon hazardous explorations as any other men. But he dislikes to stay alone. Like the honey bee, when he finds a good thing, he wants some others to come and help him enjoy it. My original congressional district extended north to the Wisconsin line, west to the Rock River Valley, south so as to embrace Princeton, LaSalle, Bloomington, Urbana, and Danville. I had to travel all over this district with a horse and buggy, and visit spare settlements. I often found an Irishman cultivating the soil alone. But when I made a second visit I found more Irishmen there, or else the original

one had gone. Governor Winthrop, of Boston, in his journal under date of 1642, tells us of one Darby Field, an Irishman, who could not rest contented after his landing in America until he had climbed to the top of the White Mountains. He was the first man to ascend Mount Washington, and when asked why he went, replied, "Merely to take a look at the country!"

The official dispatches of one of the battles of the Mexican War commended the conduct of Private Sullivan, of one of our Chicago regiments. In the battle he had advanced before his company, engaged in a single combat with a Mexican officer, and killed him. I called President Polk's attention to the report, and asked for Sullivan's promotion. He referred the matter to the adjutant-general. Time passed along and no appointment was sent to the Senate. I called upon the adjutant-general, and he read me a letter from Sullivan's superior officer, commending his courage and general good conduct, but strongly protesting against his appointment as lieutenant in the regular army, on account of his deficiency in West Point education. I appealed to the President, and it did not take long to satisfy him that good fighting in war-time would counterbalance all deficiencies in education, and Sullivan was promoted. Some time after the close of the war, his father called upon me, said he had not heard from his son for a long time, and wanted me to find him. Many of

you will remember the father, Jeremiah Sullivan, at one time justice of the peace,—a tall and well-proportioned gentleman, with as prepossessing a general appearance as any gentleman who walked our streets. I wrote to Washington, and received for answer that Sullivan resigned his lieutenancy at the close of the war. Inside of the official letter was a note marked "private and unofficial." "Tell Sullivan's father to read the news from Mexico. I enclose some scraps from a New Orleans newspaper, and the Colonel Sullivan therein mentioned is reported to be the late Lieutenant Sullivan of the regular army." Some time afterwards, an officer of the army gave me the following account: After the close of the war with Mexico, some of the officers were tarrying late at dinner, when Lieutenant Sullivan entered and was saluted with, "Will you join us, Lieutenant Sullivan?" "Colonel Sullivan, if you please, gentlemen," was the reply. Whereupon one of the officers said, "It will not surprise us at all if you are Colonel Sullivan. If your killing that Mexican was of so much account as to put you on an equality with us who have studied four years at West Point, and have seen considerable active service, a a little personal favoritism might carry you still higher, and make you a colonel. Why, Lieutenant Sullivan, if you should kill another Mexican, those politicians at Washington would make you commander-in-chief!" "Gentle-

men," said Sullivan, "it is business that brings me here. Here is my commission as colonel in the Mexican revolutionary army, and now you know my authority. And now, here's my business in this paper, which I will read." He then read a paper authorizing and requesting him to employ a competent engineer upon his staff. The officers reminded him that they knew nothing of the face of the Mexican country, had no maps, knew not his route, and insisted that they could be of no service to him. "You do not understand me, gentlemen," replied Sullivan; "it is not for what I am going to do that I want any of your assistance. I only want you to map it out after I have done it. You are always talking about your military school, and what you have studied, and the like of you will be at school hereafter, and they will want to study Sullivan's route to the capital of Mexico; and if ever I should be emperor, whom would I want for secretary of war but my own engineer?" Sullivan set out upon his march with no one to map out his route. He penetrated regions where no man had ever been before. He came out of forests where men least expected him. He appeared to be everywhere, and the inhabitants could make no calculation where he was not. They either all joined him, or fled before him. He had everything his own way, until, in his efforts to join the main army, he found himself in the fortified country. Here he missed his

engineer and his military education. He was wounded, taken prisoner, marched into the Plaza, a bullet pierced his heart, and that was the last of Sullivan. But it just took a Chicago Irish boy to teach the Emperor Maximilian how to die the death of a soldier some twenty years afterwards; and Sullivan had as much right in Mexico as Maximilian.

There are 67 names upon the two voting-lists of 1825 and 1830. Six voted at both elections, leaving 61 different names, which, with the four on the tax-list of 1825 who did not vote at either election, constitute the 65 from whom our first families are descended.

And as there may be some pride in after years in tracing one's connection with our first families, the real Knickerbockers of Chicago, I have taken some pains to obtain interviews or hold correspondence with such of them as might be living, and with the descendants of such as are dead. Of a very large proportion of them I can obtain no knowledge whatever. I shall publish all their names, and at some future time shall publish what I have ascertained, or may hereafter ascertain, of their history and of their descendants. When it was known, in 1860, that the Prince of Wales was to make Chicago a visit, one of our society men suggested that it was my duty, as mayor of the city, to select about a hundred from our first families and give the Prince a ball. I asked him to give the names of the hundred from the

first families. This he said he was unwilling to do. I asked him then to give me the names of even ten of our first families, meaning, of course, nine besides his own. This he also declared himself unwilling to do. But if, at any future time, any one of our society men should wish to make a party from our first families, he may derive some assistance from this lecture.

At this time I think there are but three of those voters living. One is Medard B. Beaubien, son of the late General John B. Beaubien, of this city, the leading man among the Pottawatomie Indians, in Kansas. The second is David McKee, now living near Aurora, Illinois. He was born in Virginia in 1800, and went to Cincinnati when a young man, as a blacksmith. Under the treaty of Chicago, made with the Indians by General Cass, in 1821, the government was to keep a blacksmith here, who was to work exclusively for the Indians. Colonel Benjamin B. Kerchival, then Indian agent, afterwards a prominent citizen of Detroit, went to Cincinnati and employed McKee to come here in that capacity. McKee reached Fort Wayne, and there waited for a guide. At that time the only mail Chicago had was a monthly one to Fort Wayne. He did not wait long before the exploring expedition of Major Stephen H. Long reached that place, and he accompanied it to Chicago. Turning to the history of that expedition, by Professor William H. Keating,

of the University of Pennsylvania, I find that orders were issued to Major Long, April 25, 1823, for him to commence at Philadelphia, thence to proceed to Wheeling, thence to Chicago or Fort Wayne, thence to Fort Armstrong or Dubuque lead mines, thence up the Mississippi to Fort St. Anthony, etc. The expedition reached Fort Wayne, May 26, 1823, and Professor Keating speaks of the fort then there as erected in 1814 on the site of the old fort, the location of which had been designated by General Anthony Wayne after his victory over the confederated Indians on the 20th of August, 1794, which gave rise to the treaty of Greenville in the following year. The Professor says also, that the expedition fortunately met at Fort Wayne the express sent from Chicago for letters, and obtained him as guide. They left Fort Wayne May 29, 1823. Their cavalcade consisted of seven persons, including the soldier mail-carrier, and a colored servant; and they had two horses loaded with provisions. On the 5th of June they reached Fort Dearborn, Chicago, having been eight days in traveling the distance of 216 miles, an average of 27 miles a day, their distance exceeding the usual allowance by 16 miles, in consequence of their circuitous route to avoid the Elkhart River. The railroad train now leaving here at 9 A. M. reaches Fort Wayne at 2 P. M. The post at Chicago was abandoned a few months after the party reached it, in consequence of the

rapid extension of the white population westward, and the establishment of a chain of military posts along the Mississippi River, rendering the continuance of the force here unnecessary. An Indian agent, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, uncle of our present county surveyor of the same name, remained here to keep up amicable relations with the Indians, and to attend to their wants, daily becoming greater in consequence of the increasing scarcity of game. Fort Dearborn was not occupied by soldiers again, except temporarily in transit, until 1832, when the Black Hawk troubles broke out. When Mr. McKee came here there were but two houses; one belonging to John Kinzie, the other to his son-in-law, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, the Indian agent—Mr. Kinzie's having been built first. Both houses were built of logs, and lined with cedar bark. The third house was built by Joseph Pothier, a Frenchman, and one of the voters here in 1826, and who until recently was a resident of Milwaukee. He married an Indian half-breed, brought up by Mr. Kinzie, and was striker for Mr. McKee in the blacksmith shop. Mr. McKee was married by Mr. Kinzie, at Mr. Kinzie's house, and he built the fourth house. All four houses were on the north side of the river.

The inhabitants were soldiers, Frenchmen in the employ of the American Fur Company, and Indians. When the fort was not garrisoned, and the fur-traders were in the country

making their purchases, the Indians constituted almost the entire population. In 1827–28, Mr. McKee carried the mail once a month to Fort Wayne. As his Indian pony had to carry the mail-bag and the blankets for him to sleep upon, he could not carry corn for the pony and provisions for himself. He drove the pony in front of him, and cut down an elm or basswood tree for the pony to browse upon during the night. He carried a gun with which he killed the game for his own food. His route was from here to Niles, Michigan, thence to Elkhart, Indiana, and thence to Fort Wayne. His average trip from this place to Fort Wayne was fourteen days; the quickest time he ever made was ten days. General John McNeil, one of the heroes in the battle of Lundy's Lane, commanded the fort when Mr. McKee came to Chicago. Soon after his arrival, a sailing vessel, called the *Heartless*, undertook to enter the mouth of the river, ran ashore, and was beached in the sand. They tried to cut her out, but she went to pieces. About a year thereafter the first vessel entered the harbor, and anchored opposite the fort. It was the United States revenue cutter *Fairplay*. When we speak of the first vessel coming to Chicago, there is always a confusion between the vessels that anchored outside and the vessels that actually came up into the river. It is claimed that this United States revenue cutter *Fairplay* was the first one to actually enter the river.

In 1826, there came a sailing vessel called the *Young Tiger,* to enter the river, but she anchored out in the lake, slipped her cable, and went ashore.

Mr. E. Buell, now residing in Clinton County, Iowa, near Lyons, aged 75, claims that he was pilot and navigator on the schooner *Aurora,* Captain Titus, that came to Chicago in 1820 or 1821; but he leaves the question unsettled as to whether or not he came up into the river. The steamers which brought here the troops of General Scott, in 1832, had to anchor some distance outside. The persons claiming to have been upon the first vessel that passed over the Chicago bar and came up into the river are even more numerous than those claiming to be descendants of the persons who had the first white child born in Chicago. I will not discuss this matter now, as the mass of you care less about those who had the first child than you do about those who are to have the next one, and what is to become of it.

The third man now living who voted in Chicago Precinct, Peoria County, in 1830, is our well-known fellow-citizen, Mark Beaubien. He came here in 1826, to visit his brother, John B. Beaubien, who was an employé of the American Fur Company, and who lived in a log house near the lake shore, near the mouth of the river, on the South Side. Mark returned to Detroit, and brought his family here, and built him a log house, fronting the river, on

what is known as the "Old Wigwam Lot," on the corner of Lake and Market streets; it being at the time the only dwelling-house on the South Side, except his brother's. He constructed it for hotel purposes, and, when the Indian chief Sauganash learned his design, he told him that Americans named their hotels after big men, and asked him what he was going to call it. Mr. Beaubien took the hint, and said, "I'll call it Sauganash!" A few years afterwards, he built a large addition to it, which was the first frame house built on the South Side. It was in this house that I took my first meal, on my arrival here in 1836, it being then kept by John Murphy. Mr. Beaubien was born in 1800, and in Detroit, where his father was also born; but his grandfather was an emigrant from France. He established the first ferry, at the forks of the river. He was an original fiddler, having inherited the art in the natural way; and he will probably die one. In case of the absence of the music at any of our parties in olden times, Mr. Beaubien was always sent for, and when one fiddle-string broke, he was good for the three; and, when another broke, he could still keep up the music; and if there were only one string left, a party would never go away disappointed if Mr. Beaubien was left to play upon it. He has done much to keep up our first families, having had twenty-three children. His grandchildren had numbered fifty-three when the great-grandchildren

began to make their appearance, and he stopped counting. I introduce him to you today as the only man you will probably ever see who witnessed the surrender of an American army. God grant that such an event may never happen again! During the war of 1812, Mr. Beaubien's father, hearing that the town (Detroit) was about to be bombarded by the British army, had ordered his children to go down into the cellar, when news came that General Hull had surrendered. Mark Beaubien saw General Hull and his staff rowed over to the Canadian shore, and then the soldiers were taken over under the charge of the red-coat officials.

Cook County was set off from Peoria County under an act passed 1831. The first election was August, 1832. The county was named for the Hon. Daniel P. Cook, son-in-law of Governor Ninian Edwards, who was one of the first United States Senators from this state. Mr. Cook was a member of Congress from 1820 to 1827, and died in 1827, aged 32, one of the most talented men who ever lived in this state. As our poll-lists of the first election, in 1832, were burnt, I can no longer trace our first families, and those who wish to marry into them must look back to those who were taxed in 1825, or voted in 1826 or 1830, if they do not wish their honors disputed. Cook County then included the present counties of Lake, McHenry, DuPage, and Will, all west being included in Jo Daviess County. The only

voting-place of Cook County at that time was at Chicago. The highest number of votes cast for all the candidates for any one office in 1832 was 114, against 32 in 1830 and 35 in 1826.

It seems to have been the practice then, as now, to take our officers from Galena, and then, as now, they were very good men. Galena and Chicago were then in the same representative and senatorial districts. Colonel James M. Strode was elected to the Senate, and Benjamin Mills to the House, both being attorneys-at-law at Galena. Elijah Wentworth, Jr., who died at Galesburg, Illinois, on the 18th of November last, received all the votes for coroner at this election. He wrote me, just before his death, that he went with his father, Elijah Wentworth, Sr., from Maine to Kentucky; they moved thence to Dodgeville, Wisconsin, where he was living at the time Jefferson Davis was constructing Fort Winnebago, about 75 miles distant. Davis had been ordered there soon after his graduation at West Point in 1828, and he often visited Dodgeville in attendance upon social parties, and is well remembered by old settlers there to this day. In 1830, Mr. Wentworth and his father moved to Chicago and rented a new hotel of James Kinzie, then the best in Chicago, on the West Side, near the forks of the river. It was a log house, with upright boards upon the outside. He carried the mail from Chicago to Niles once a month.

At the annual election in August, 1834, the highest number of votes for all the candidates for any one office was 528, against 114 in 1832. Thus our population began to increase. This vote was for the whole County of Cook. In 1835, the highest number of votes in the entire county, for all the candidates for any one office, was 1064. And religious enterprise and liberality had so far advanced that, at the Ladies' Fair at the old St. James, the mother of Episcopacy in the Northwest, on the 18th of June in that year, the receipts were $1,431. In the spring of 1837, at our first municipal election, the city alone cast 709 votes.*

It seems not to be generally known that, up to the time of the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, Chicago was not at all troubled with mosquitoes; a blessing which amply compensated for many of our early deprivations.

The history of Chicago furnishes one with a complete history of an irredeemable paper-money system. Emigration was fast tending westward in 1835. Government land was $1.25 per acre. The emigrants had little or no money, and would purchase land on credit at greatly advanced prices. Eastern speculators flocked here and took advantage of this condition of things. The government money received for lands would be deposited in the

*For list of names on the poll-book, see "Fergus' Directory for 1839."

banks, credited to the government, and then reloaned back to speculators. Thus the government had credits in banks to more than the amount of their capital, and their assets consisted almost entirely of the notes of western speculators. The government was out of debt, and had no use for its surplus, which was forming the basis of those large speculative loans, and men became even more excited and reckless than were the land operators here in Chicago at the time of the recent panic. Besides, money was taken from every branch of business to invest in these western speculations. The President of the United States had no power to stop the sales of lands or to limit bank discounts. He saw the immediate necessity of arresting this condition of things, and he had no other way to do it than to issue an order that nothing but gold and silver should be received for the public lands. According to an invariable law, a redundancy of paper had driven the precious metals out of the country, and the banks had not the specie wherewith to redeem their bills, which were fast being presented to obtain land-office money. The banks all failed, and corporations and individuals issued certificates of indebtedness, which were interchanged as currency. States, counties, and cities paid their debts in warrants upon an empty treasury. The canal commissioners paid contractors in scrip, and the contractors paid their laborers in a

lesser scrip, redeemable in the scrip of the commissioners.

Nearly every man in Chicago doing business was issuing his individual scrip, and the city abounded with little tickets, such as "Good at our store for ten cents," "Good for a loaf of bread," "Good for a shave," "Good for a drink," etc., etc. When you went out to trade, the trader would look over your tickets, and select such as he could use to the best advantage. The times for a while seemed very prosperous. We had a currency that was interchangeable, and for a time we suffered no inconvenience from it, except when we wanted some specie to pay for our postage. In those days it took 25 cents to send a letter east. But after a while it was found out that men were over-issuing. The barber had outstanding too many shaves; the baker too many loaves of bread; the saloon-keeper too many drinks, etc., etc. Want of confidence became general. Each man became afraid to take the tickets of another. Some declined to redeem their tickets in any way, and some absconded. And people found out, as is always the case where there is a redundancy of paper money, that they had been extravagant, had bought things they did not need, and had run in debt for a larger amount than they were able to pay. Of course, nearly everyone failed, and charged his failure upon President Jackson's specie circular. In after times, I asked an old settler,

who was a great growler in those days, what effect time had had upon his views of General Jackson's circular. His reply was that General Jackson had spoiled his being a great man. Said he, "I came to Chicago with nothing, failed for $100,000, and could have failed for a million, if he had left the bubble burst in the natural way."

A single instance will illustrate to what various purposes those little tickets of indebtedness could be put. A boy had a ticket "Good for a drink." He dropped it into the church contribution-box, and heard no more of it. He told another boy, who did the same thing with the same result. That boy told his sister, who told her mother, who told her husband, who deemed it his duty to tell the deacon. Meanwhile the boys were putting in the tickets "Good for a drink," and telling the other boys to do the same. The deacon, alive to all the responsibilities of his position, for the first time in his life entered a saloon, called the barkeeper one side, and asked him to change a $1 scrip, well knowing he could not do so unless it were in liquor-tickets. The saloon-keeper was afraid to offer such tickets, and declined to make the change, until the deacon gave him a hint that, although he did not stimulate himself, he thought he could use the tickets. Then, said the deacon, "I have a curiosity to know the extent of the circulation of these tickets, and really wish you would

put a private mark upon them, and notify me when one returns." Think of a deacon putting such currency into a contribution-box! But he did it, and the boys put in some more. On Monday afternoon, the deacon was notified that one of his tickets had been redeemed. Oh, what a chance for a scandal case! Imagine that such a thing had happened in our day! Think of our enterprising newsgatherers calling upon a deacon, and asking him what was the average time of a liquor-ticket's going from his church contribution-box to a saloon! With solemn tread the deacon made his way to his pastor's residence, and asked him what disposition he made of the various tickets taken from the contribution-box. The reply was that his wife assorted them, strung them upon different strings, entered them upon a book, and gave the church credit as she used any of them. "And do you say, my dear brother," asked the deacon, "that you have no knowledge of the particular uses to which these tickets have been put?" "I do say so," said the pastor. The deacon breathed freer. He had cleared his pastor, but I have no doubt he prayed, "May the Lord have mercy on his poor wife!" The wife was called, and her husband said, "The deacon wishes us to give an account of the proceeds of the contribution-box." "Not exactly so, my dear sister," said the deacon; "but I wish to know for what purposes the liquor-tickets have been used."

She comprehended the matter at once, and promptly replied, "Why, deacon, did you want them? I never thought you were a drinking man. Now, as you didn't have the tickets, will you share with us the proceeds? Let us all take a drink!" She rushed to her pantry, brought out a pitcher, with tumblers, and it was filled with—milk! In making the change with her milkman his eyes had fallen upon these tickets, and he said he could use them. Thus throwing the liquor-tickets into the contribution-box was but a repetition of the old adage, "Evil be thou my good." They had discharged all the function of the modern greenback, even to furnishing a poorly paid clergyman's children with milk.

Not long after, our Chicago citizens were victimized by another irredeemable currency device. Michigan legislators thought that while there was not specie enough in the country for a banking basis, there was land enough. So they passed what is known as the "Real Estate Banking Law." They contended that real estate was better than gold and silver, because a man could not run away with real estate. Chicago merchants, business men, and speculators generally, instead of paying their debts with their money, bought Michigan wild lands, had them appraised, and then mortgaged them for bills, which they brought home to pay their debts with. Real estate, which is generally the first property to feel the effects of

inflated currency, soon rose in value, and its owners paid Michigan another visit, secured a higher appraisal of their lands, and exchanged the second mortgage for some bills. For about a year we had excellent times again in Chicago. But then confidence began to weaken. Agents were sent into the country to buy anything they could, provided Michigan money would be taken. Merchants would post in their windows a list of bills that they would receive for a given day, and then revise the list for the next day. The bubble soon burst, and every one was the poorer for the good times he had enjoyed. Manual labor, which was the last thing to rise, was the last resting-place of the worthless bills.

During all this excitement incident to our great variety of irredeemable paper, our sufferings were the greatest for postage money, which had always to be in specie, and specie was then at from 50 to 100 per cent premium in our depreciated currency. But postage was then reckoned by the sheet instead of by weight. The result was that, although friends wrote but seldom, their letters were a sort of daily journal. When anything occurred to them, they would write it out; and when they had filled a sheet, oftentimes writing crossways also, they mailed it as soon as they could raise the postage. In traveling at the East, I have fallen in with several of these letters written in early times, whose publication would add

materially to the early history of our city. But their contents were so mixed up with private matters appertaining to different families that it is impossible to obtain possession of them. As our laboring men were paid in currency, it often took more than a day's work to pay the postage on a letter to an eastern friend.

I will relate an anecdote to illustrate this matter. Soon after my first election to Congress, a young man who had rendered me material service made me a call, and observed that postage was very high; in which sentiment I concurred, and promised to labor to reduce it. He then remarked that I would have the franking privilege; to which I assented, and promised to labor to abolish it. But all this did not seem to interest the young man, and I was perplexed to know the drift of his conversation. Finally, with great embarrassment, he observed that he was engaged to a young lady at the East, and wanted to know if I could not frank his letters. I explained that there was but one way to avoid the responsibilities of the law, and that was for him to write his letters to me, and then I could write a letter to her, calling her attention to his; and she could have the same privilege. The correspondence took this form until the congressman from her district asked me if, at the close of the session, I was going home by the way of his district. I did not comprehend him until he stated that he was well acquainted in the family of the

lady with whom I had been corresponding, and suggested that, if I was going to be married before the next session, it would be pleasant for us to board at the same house! This put a new phase upon my way of dodging an abuse of the franking privilege, and I wrote to my constituent that he must bring his courtship to a close, and he did so. Four letters from him and three from her covered the transaction, and I stand indebted to this day to the "conscience-fund" of the Post-Office Department for $1.75. But this was a very insignificant sum to pay for the securing of a good Yankee girl to the West in those days. Besides, there are seven in the family now, and one went to the war; and that $1.75 was an insignificant bounty to pay for a soldier. After all, the best way to procure soldiers is to breed them yourself. But every time anyone speaks to me about corruptions and defalcations among public men of the present day, I see "mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" written on the wall! I think of that $1.75, and say nothing.

Not satisfied with the real estate banking experiment in Michigan, of trying to make easy times without prompt specie redemption, some of the speculators of Illinois thought that they would try the Michigan system, with state bonds substituted for lands. The result of this last experiment is too familiar to the mass of our citizens to need an extended comment. Money was borrowed, and the state bonds

were purchased. The most inaccessible places in our state were sought out for the location of banks, and bills were extensively issued. Money was abundant, prices of everything advanced, and a financial millennium was once more among us. The consequences of this system were quite as disastrous as those of the real estate system of Michigan. Considering its age, Chicago has been the greatest sufferer of any place in the world from an irredeemable paper-money system. Its losses in this respect will nearly approximate those from the great fire. And when you talk to one of the early settlers of Chicago about the advantages accruing from an irredeemable money system, you waste your labor. He has been there!

One of our early amusements was that of wolf-hunting. Experienced Indian ponies were plenty in our city. The last hunt I remember had for its object the driving of as large a number of wolves as possible up to the ice upon the lake shore, and as near the mouth of the harbor as could be done. There was to be no shooting until the wolves had got upon the ice. No person was to fire unless his aim was entirely over ice, and then to the eastward. Two parties started early in the morning, one following the lake shore south, and the other the river, to meet at a common centre not far from Blue Island. Then they were to spread themselves out, cover as much territory as possible, and drive the wolves before them.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a wolf made his appearance in the outskirts of the city. The news was spread, and our people turned out on foot, keeping along the margin of the river, so as to drive the wolves upon the ice of the lake shore. One wolf after another made his appearance, and soon we saw the horsemen. The number of wolves was about the same as that of Samson's foxes. The men were so eager to get the first fire at a wolf that the tramp of their horses broke the ice; and, as the wind was rather brisk, it broke away from the shore, with the wolves upon it, and drifted northeasterly, very much in the same direction as that taken by the recent unfortunate balloon. But the wolves, unlike the man in the balloon, took no reporter on board. Men, women, and children lined the bank of the lake, expecting to see the ice break in pieces and the wolves swim ashore. But it did not do so. Our people watched the ice, and could see the wolves running from side to side, until they faded away from view. When I took my last look, they appeared about the size of mice.

About two weeks afterwards, a letter appeared in a Detroit paper containing an account of some farm settlements, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, being attacked by a large body of hungry wolves. They destroyed fowls and cattle, and for several days spread terror through the neighborhood. We always supposed that those were our

wolves, but our hunters never laid any claim to them, as the news of their arrival was so long in reaching here. And, as an evidence of the tardy transit of merchandise and mails in those days, I will state that our newspapers of September, 1835, announce the arrival of a schooner, with goods, twenty days from New York City, the shortest time ever made. A newspaper of December 24, 1836, announces that President Jackson's message to Congress was only twelve days on its route from Washington. It was published here Saturday, but the editor says he would have issued it on Thursday, but for the extreme cold weather.

The first divorce suit in our city was brought in 1835.

Land speculation had become so brisk here in 1835, that from January 4th to October 21st of that year the papers announce that Augustus Garrett (afterward mayor of the city) had sold land at his auction-rooms to the amount of $1,800,000. Our people had commenced litigation so much that at the commencement of Cook County circuit court in May, 1836, there were 230 cases on the civil docket, and the court sat two weeks. Litigation so increased that in May, 1837, there were 700 cases on the civil docket. The newspapers pointed to the alarming fact that over a million dollars were involved in these cases.

The West Side was the last to advance in population. Although at one time, prior to

the city's incorporation, it undoubtedly had, as it does now, the largest portion of our inhabitants, there were only 97 voters on the whole West Side at our first municipal election. These were mostly from our first families, as there were living there about that time three Indian chiefs, Sauganash, Laframboise, and Robinson (whose Indian name was Che-che-pin-gua), with occasional visits from Shaboneh; and any number of Indians, French, and mixed breeds related to them. The West Side was the last side to have a piano, but the strains of the fiddle were always to be heard, and the war-dance was no uncommon thing. I remember attending the wedding of one of Laframboise's daughters. She was married to a clerk in the post office, and is now the wife of Medard B. Beaubien, heretofore alluded to in this lecture. The clerk was the one who delivered letters, and of course was well known to all our citizens, and was remarkably popular. He went to the printing office and had fifty cards of invitation struck off. But when people went for their letters, they politely hinted that they expected a card of invitation to the wedding. So he was compelled to go to the printing office and have fifty more struck off. These did not last long, and he had one hundred more. Then he said that tickets were of no use, and everybody might come; and about everyone did come. The ceremony was performed by Reverend Isaac W. Hallam, pastor of the St. James

Episcopal Church of this city. Everything was high-toned, well worthy of an Indian chief's daughter. The house was of no particular use, as it was full and surrounded with people. This wedding made a strong impression on my mind, as it was the first time I ever saw the Indian war dance. Some of the guests not only had their tomahawks and scalping-knives, bows and arrows, but a few of them had real scalps, which they pretended they had taken in the various Indian wars. Their faces were decorated with all the favorite pictures of the Indians. And some of our young white men and ladies played the part of the Indian so well that it was difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. It has been a wonder to me that, while our professors of music have been inventing so many different kinds of dances, none of them have reproduced the Indian war dance, which to me is much more sensible than nine tenths of those which are now practiced at so many of our fashionable parties. I presume that the trouble is, that our ladies consider that the Indian war paint extemporized for the occasion would interfere with the original paint put on before they left their homes, and which they wished to remain through the evening. One of our young men claimed that, at this wedding, amid the crowd, unperceived, he had clipped a lock from the bride's long, flowing, raven hair. Some of this hair he had put into a breastpin, and very soon

thereafter, these Indian bridal breastpins were about as thick as were the manufactures from our old court-house bell after the fire. One man who had worn one for some years was suddenly taken sick, and expected to die. He called his wife to his bedside, and told her he deemed it his duty to state to her that he had been deceiving her for years, and he could not die in peace until he had made a confession. "I must tell you before I die, that the hair in that pin I have been wearing so deceitfully is not the hair of that Indian chief's daughter, but your own." With pitiful eyes he looked to his wife for forgiveness. "And is that all that troubles you?" said she; "what you have just revealed in your dying hour only confirms my opinion of you. I always supposed you thought more of me than you did of a squaw!" And now I suppose you think that that man died in peace. But he did not. He is alive now. There is occasionally an instance where a man has survived a confession to his wife. But where, oh where, is there an instance of a woman who has survived a confession to her husband?

After the marriage of this Indian chief's daughter, several of our wealthy citizens (wealthy for those days) gave return parties. I remember attending a very elegant one given at the house of Medard B. Beaubien. I think the fashionable society of Chicago subsisted for about two months upon that wedding. Mr. Beaubien

has given me several invitations, as he has others of our old settlers, to visit him at his residence among the Pottawatomies. He told me that I would be a big Pottawatomie! He gave as a reason for abandoning Chicago, where he was a merchant, that he would rather be a big Indian than a little white man. He has the reputation of being the handsomest man that was ever in this city. I met him at Washington, a few years ago, and he attracted great attention for his remarkable personal beauty.

The most of the families of wealth, education, and high social position, about the time of our incorporation, were settled on the North Side. The "Lake House" there was the first brick hotel constructed in our city, and it was as well furnished and conducted as any hotel west of New York City. Upon the South Side were most of the business houses and hotels that were kept for the accommodation of farmers who came to Chicago with their loads of grain. Business men without families, clerks, and employés of business men generally boarded at these hotels on the South Side, often sleeping in the stores. We could not have anything like a large party on the South Side without female domestics. The fashionable people on the North Side would invite our young men to their parties on that side; but when we had a party on the South Side, instead of coming themselves, the ladies would send

their domestics. And if I were to go into details of the origin of the fashionable society of Chicago of the present day, I could satisfy our young men that, whether they wanted to make money or raise healthy children, the best thing they could now do would be to imitate the example of some of our early settlers, and marry a lady who dares discharge an impudent or incompetent maid, and can do the work herself till she can get a better one.

There was considerable ill-feeling at one time between the North and South sides in consequence of this discrimination. But politics then, as now, proved a great leveler in society. There was an elegant party given at the Lake House one evening, where one of the most fashionable men of the North Side, who was a candidate for office, thought he would throw an anchor to the windward by dancing with a South Side dressing-maid, while he supposed his wife was being entertained at the supper table. But she entered the ball-room while the dance was going on. At once a proud heart was fired. Quicker than thought she spoke to a carriage driver who stood at the door looking in: "Can you dance, Mike?" "It's only for the want of a partner," was the response. Seizing him by the hand, she said, "Come on!" and turning to the crowd she said, "This is a game that two can play at!" and immediately the dance went on, amid the applause of the whole room; the man with the

South Side dressing-maid, and his wife with the South Side driver. And thus free suffrage began its work against artificial social position.

Not long after my first election to Congress, upon opening my mail at Washington, I found a letter dated in the western part of Iowa, then far in the wilderness, reading in this way:

MY DEAR OLD CHICAGO FRIEND: I see you have been getting up in the world, and it is so with myself, who am the sheriff's deputy here, and I also keep hotel. I am the same one who made all the fuss dancing with the lady at the Lake House ball, and you were there; and the girl I married is the same domestic her husband danced with. The judge of the court boards at our house, and he often dances with my wife at the big parties here, where we are considered among the first folks, and I reckon my wife Bridget would put on as many airs as the lady did at the Lake House, if she should catch me dancing with domestics. I found out that those people who made so much fuss at the Lake House were not considered much where they came from. But they emigrated to Chicago, and then set up for big folks. So I thought I would marry Bridget and start for a new country where I could be as big as anybody. And now remember your old Chicago friend, and tell the President I am for his administration, and would like to get the post-office here.

I remember that, during that session of Congress, I boarded at the same house with Horace Greeley, and he was frequently in my room; and I think that it was from this letter he borrowed his sentiment, "Go west, young man!"

In our early times, it was customary to

excommunicate members of the church as publicly as they had been admitted. Now we hear admissions, but never of excommunications. Professor David Swing has come as near filling that bill as anyone we have heard of recently, but future historians will differ as to whether he excommunicated the church or the church him. I remember in early times here of a clergyman's dealing, at the close of his service, with a member, one of our well-known citizens, somewhat after this fashion: "You will remember, my hearers, that some time ago Mr. Blank was proposed for admission to this church, and after he had passed a favorable examination I called upon everyone present to know if there was any objection, and no one rose and objected. It becomes my painful duty now to pronounce the sentence of excommunication upon him, and to remand him back to the world again with all his sins upon his head." Whereupon a gentleman rose in his pew and said: "And now the world objects to receiving him!" On which bursts of laughter filled the house; and the precise status of that man was never determined, as the civil courts in those days had not begun to interfere in ecclesiastical matters. In these times the church would undoubtedly have called upon the courts to grant a mandamus upon the world to receive him, or the world would have applied for an injunction to prevent the church from excommunicating him.

In most new settlements there can always be pointed out some particular class who give tone to the early society; such as the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England, the Knickerbockers of New York, the Huguenots of South Carolina, the Creoles of New Orleans; and, in the later days, men identified with manufacturing interests, mining interests, railroad interests, or with seminaries of learning. But here in Chicago, in early times, we had not any one prevailing class or interest; nor was there any sufficient number of people from any particular locality to exercise a controlling influence in molding public sentiment. We had people from almost every clime, and of almost every opinion. We had Jews and Christians, Protestants, Catholics, and infidels; among Protestants, there were Calvinists and Armenians. Nearly every language was represented here. Some people had seen much of the world, and some very little. Some were quite learned, and some very ignorant. We had every variety of people, and out of these we had to construct what is called society. The winters were long; no railroads, no telegraphs, no canal, and all we had to rely upon for news were our weekly newspapers. We had no libraries, no lectures, no theatres or other places of amusement. If a stranger attended a gathering of any kind, the mass of attendants were equally strangers with himself; and the gentlemen outnumbered the ladies by

about four or five to one. You ask what society lived upon in those days? I answer, upon faith. But faith without works is dead. From the close to the opening of navigation, nearly six months in the year, we had nothing to do. Our faith consisted principally in the future of Chicago. Nearly everyone had laid out a town, and men exchanged lots with each other, very much as boys swap jack-knives. The greatest story-teller was about as big a man as we had. If a new story was told, it was soon passed all round town, and due credit given to the originator. If a new book appeared in our midst, that was loaned around until another new one came to take its place. Occasionally, one of our young men would go east and get him a wife, and then we discussed her for a while. Dressmakers would invariably make her the first call, examine her dresses, and then go from door to door, like a modern census-taker or tax-collector, soliciting orders according to the latest fashions.

There was great prejudice between the emigrants from the South and those from the East. All our eastern people were considered by the emigrants from the South as Yankees. The first contest was about the convention system in politics. Southerners denounced it vehemently as a Yankee innovation upon the old system of allowing every man to run for office who wanted to do so, and taking his chances. Their system was to solicit their friends to

solicit them to run for office, and then they reluctantly consented, and placed themselves in the hands of their friends. All Yankee customs, fashions, and innovations upon their established usages were ridiculed as Yankee notions, worthy only of the peddlers of wooden clocks and pewter spoons.

Thomas Ford, born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in 1800, who had lived in Illinois from 1804, and whose father had been killed by the Indians, came here as judge, and did more than any other person to mollify the prejudices of the South against the North. He early foresaw that all that the early settlers of Illinois needed was the growth of more Yankee thrift among them; and he early told his friends that while he stayed here he was going to conform to all the Yankee notions, as fast as he could ascertain what they were, and wanted his acquaintances to inform him what he should do to prevent embarrassment by non-conformity. I met him on his way to court one morning, and he said he had just been detained by a lady complaining that he did not attend her party on a previous evening. He told her that he was very fond of parties, and always attended them whenever he could, but that he held court that evening until it was too late to go. But this did not satisfy her. She wanted to know, if he could not attend, why he did not send a "regret." He did not understand the matter, and made an excuse that the court was waiting, informing

her that he would converse with her some other time. "But," said he, "what's that? What did she want me to do when I couldn't go?" I informed him that the lady had some sisters visiting her from the East, and she had a pride in having them write home that among her friends were the very best people in Chicago, and among them the judge of the court; which in his absence, a little note from him would establish. "Capital, capital," said he. "Why, you Yankees have a motive in all you do. You turn everything to account. The longer I live among Yankees the more I see why it is they are getting rich and overrunning the country. Nobody shall complain of me hereafter in that respect. I'll have some note-paper in my desk, and if the lawyers detain me, I'll send the sheriff with one of those little billet-doux. If there is any other thing that you Yankees want me to do to testify my high appreciation of you, please let me know." The next day the Judge called at my office with a beautiful little note, on gilt-edged paper addressed to his wife, and reading as follows: "Judge Ford's compliments to Mrs. Ford and the children, and regrets that he cannot be home to have the pleasure of their society on Monday next." Below this was the following postscript: "The above is one of the Yankee notions, and when you want to go anywhere and cannot, you must always send one of these, which they call a 'regret.' Please tell this to the neighbors, and also tell

them that when I return I shall have a great many stories to tell them about different Yankee notions."

Not long after, I was at Oregon, Ogle County, where he resided, and where he was then holding court. When it became time for the sheriff to adjourn the court, the Judge said, "Mr. Sheriff, don't forget that party at my house tonight." And the sheriff exclaimed, "Hear ye! Hear ye! The Judge of this Court requests me to say, that he and his lady would be pleased to see you all at his house tonight, both citizens and strangers! Now this honorable Court stands adjourned until tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock." It was wonderful to notice the mixture of people who unceremoniously visited him that evening —attorneys, jurors, suitors, and citizens generally, with their wives. One person seemed as much at home as another. There was a grand welcome for all. He was the very prince of hospitality. His small house could not contain the crowd, and many stood outside and mingled in the entertainments. The Judge passed through the assembly with a waiter on which was a decanter of Madeira wine, and wine-glasses. His wife passed around with another waiter loaded with cake. Said the Judge to some Yankee gentlemen, "This is the way we original Illinoisans give a party. We invite all; the latchstring is out; all come who can, and those who cannot come say nothing.

They never write any 'regret.' Indeed, a great many of our prominent men at the South could not do it. I have known men in our legislature who could not write." Then he passed away into a group of people who were natives of the South, and told them how he got himself into trouble with a Chicago lady by not writing her a little billet-doux explaining to her why he did not go to her party, when he wanted to go more than she wanted to have him. He often uttered the sentiment that he did not wish to live in a locality where his house was not large enough to entertain his neighbors without making selections. He said he must either build him a larger house or move into a distant settlement. When I came away I expressed the wish that I might soon have the pleasure of seeing him and his neighbors in Chicago. Whereupon the Judge jocosely observed, "We will either come and see you or send you a billet-doux." But a Southern Illinoisan, a native of North Carolina, exclaimed, "Yes, when you Yankee peddlers are putting up wooden clocks and pewter spoons for this region, tell them to put up a little gold-edged note-paper for us, and have them to be sure that the gold isn't bronze!"

But the people of this state settled the house question for Judge Ford. For, at the next gubernatorial election, he was made its chief magistrate, and as governor he rendered his name dear to every Illinoisan by his almost

superhuman, but eminently successful, efforts to complete the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and to restore the lost credit of our state. He died not long after the expiration of his term of office, and he left to his children only the proceeds of the copyright of his *History of Illinois*—a book which, when once commenced, no reader will lay aside until he has finished it. In this work is the only authoritative history of the settlement of the Mormons in this state, and their final expulsion from it, with the assassination of their leader, Joseph Smith. In his preface he says: "The author has written about small events and little men. And in all those matters in which the author has figured personally, it will be some relief to the reader to find that he has not attempted to blow himself up into a great man."

One of our most reliable places of entertainment was the post office while the mail was being opened. The post office was on the west side of Franklin Street, cornering on South Water Street. The mail coach was irregular in the time of its arrival, but the horn of the driver announced its approach. Then the people would largely assemble at the post office, and wait for the opening of the mails, which at times were very heavy. The postmaster would throw out a New York paper, and some gentleman with a good pair of lungs and a jocose temperament would mount a dry-goods box and commence reading. Occasion-

ally I occupied that position myself. During exciting times, our leading men would invariably go to the post office themselves, instead of sending their employés. The news would be discussed by the assemblage, and oftentimes heavy bets would be made and angry words passed. If it was election times, there would be two papers thrown out, of opposite politics, two reading stands established, two readers engaged, and the men of each party would assemble around their own reader. This condition of things would last until the mails were opened, when the gathering would adjourn until the next blowing of the driver's horn. This gathering afforded the best opportunity for citizens to become acquainted one with another.

On one of these occasions, I was introduced to a lieutenant in the army who had just come to take charge of the government works in this city. He had great confidence in our future, and expressed his intention to invest all his means here. He was eventually ordered away to some other station, but kept up his interest in Chicago. His taxes became high, too high in proportion to his pay as an army officer and the support of his family. His wife had once placed the price of a new dress in a letter which was to leave by the return of a mail which brought her husband an exorbitant tax bill. He expressed his intention of ordering, by the same mail, the sale of his

Chicago property, as his means could endure his taxes no longer. His wife ordered her letter from the mail, took out the money, and, saying that she preferred the Chicago property to a new dress, insisted that he should use it to pay his Chicago taxes. The next summer he visited our city, and rented his property for enough to pay the taxes. That lady lost her dress for that year, but she gained thereby one of the largest and most celebrated (Kingsbury) estates in our city. I mention this fact to warn our ladies that they should never ask for a new dress until they find their husband's tax receipt in his wallet; and, at the same time, I would caution husbands not to try to carry so much real estate as to make their poorly clad wives and children objects of charity when they make their appearance in the streets.

Our early settlers were distinguished for their liberal patronage of all religious denominations, and we had one clergyman who created as much sensation as any we have had since his day. Like all really influential sensational preachers, he was an original. He dealt freely in pathos and in ridicule. If we cried once we were sure to laugh once, in every sermon. Unlike clergymen now called sensational, he never quoted poetry, nor told anecdotes, nor used slang phrases for the purpose of creating a laugh. There was nothing second-handed about him. I allude to Rev. Isaac T. Hinton, a Baptist clergyman, who was the

only settled minister on the South Side when I came here in 1836. His residence was near the corner of Van Buren Street and Fifth Avenue, then in the outskirts of the city, and was shaded by native oaks. He was a man who never seemed so happy as when he was immersing converted sinners in our frozen river or lake. It is said of his converts that no one of them was ever known to be a backslider. If you could see the cakes of ice that were raked out to make room for baptismal purposes, you would make up your mind that no man would join a church under such circumstances unless he joined to stay. Immersions were no uncommon thing in those days. One cold day, about the first part of February, 1839, there were 17 immersed in the river at the foot of State Street. A hole about 20 feet square was cut through the ice, and a platform was sunk, with one end resting upon the shore. Among the 17 was our well-known architect, John M. Van Osdell, alderman-elect, said to be now the only survivor. There are many now living who were baptized by Mr. Hinton; among them is the wife of Hon. Thomas Hoyne, mayor-elect. But recently our Baptist friends have made up their minds that our lake has enough to do to carry away all the sewerage of the city, without washing off the sins of the people. It is also claimed for Mr. Hinton that no couple he married was ever divorced. He was just as careful in marrying as he

was in baptizing; he wanted nobody to fall from grace.

It was the custom in those days to give clergymen donation parties. Now, we have surprise parties, where the lady is expected to endanger her health by hard working all day in order to prepare her house for a surprise in the evening. The only surprise about them is the magnificence of the preparations. Then the party was advertised in the newspapers, and a notice posted in the vestibule of the church.

It was customary in those days for all denominations to patronize liberally the clergymen of other denominations.

Mr. Hinton had a family of children nearly grown up, and consequently all the young people, as well as the old, would be there to have a grand frolic at his donation party. There were no religious services, and the house was completely taken possession of by the multitude. People would send just what they happened to have, and it would look at times as if Parson Hinton was going into the storage business. Cords of wood would be piled before the door; flour, salt, pork, beef, boxraisins, lemons, oranges, herring, dry goods, anything and everything. After the donation party was over, there was always a large quantity left which he did not need, but he knew exactly where to place it—among the destitute of the city. Probably no occasions

are remembered with more pleasure by the old settlers of this city than those gatherings at the hospitable mansion of the jolly English preacher, with his attractive laugh, who always enjoyed a good story and could generally tell a better one. There are many married couples in this city who will tell you that there was where they first met.

The first Sabbath I passed in this city, my good boarding-house mistress (Mrs. John Murphy, present on this platform to-day) took me with her to his church, as was the custom of Christian ladies with strange young men in those days. He told me that godliness was profitable unto all things; and he was right. Christian men and women have not kept up this good old custom of taking young men, strangers in the city, to church with them, and using their efforts to lead them to a high social position with their religious instruction. Strange young men now in this city are told that there is a moral infirmary opened here, entirely for their benefit, where the seats are all free, and men are supported expressly to save such as they are from destruction. I never knew a young man to amount to anything if he had no respect for his social position; and that position can never be attained where young men are turned away for religious instruction to places to visit which they would not think of inviting a young lady to leave a respectable church to accompany them. All

honor to those clergymen and Christians of Chicago who have their weekly church sociables, where young men are brought forward into respectable social intercourse, as well as moral development. The celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, covered the whole ground when he said to General Jackson, "You are a man, and I am another!"

Not feeling able to sustain the expense of a whole pew, I engaged one in partnership with an unpretending saddle and harness maker (S. B. Cobb), who, by a life of industry, economy, and morality, has accumulated one of the largest fortunes in our city, and still walks our streets with as little pretense as when he mended the harnesses of the farmers who brought the grain to this market from our prairies. The church building in those days was considered a first-class one, and we had a first-class pew therein, and the annual expense of my half of the pew was only $12.50 more than it would have been in our Saviour's time. People wonder at the rapid increase in the price of real estate at the West; but it bears no comparison with the increase in the price of gospel privileges. A good clergyman is well worth all that a liberal-hearted congregation may see fit to pay him. But the people ought to cry out against the reckless waste of money, steadily increasing, in the erection of extravagant church edifices. And the pride in such matters seems to eat up all other

considerations. During the recent panic, a Christian lady of this city, with a large family of children, whose husband was suddenly reduced from opulence to penury, astonished me by observing, with tears in her eyes, that her most grievous affliction was that she would be compelled to give up her pew in the church, which was one of the most expensive in the city, and take one in a cheaper edifice. And yet our people sing in every church, "God is present everywhere!"

At the close of service one day, Parson Hinton said he thought Chicago people ought to know more about the devil than they did. Therefore he would take up his history, in four lectures; first, he would give the origin of the devil; second, state what the devil has done; third, state what the devil is now doing; and fourth, prescribe how to destroy the devil. These lectures were the sensation for the next four weeks. The house could not contain the mass that flocked to hear him, and it is a wonder to me that those four lectures have not been preserved. Chicago newspaper enterprise had not then reached here. The third evening was one never to be forgotten in this city; as it would not be if one of our most eminent clergymen, with the effective manner of preaching that Mr. Hinton had, should undertake to tell us what the devil is doing in this city to-day. The drift of his discourse was to prove that everybody had a devil; that the

devil was in every store, and in every bank, and he did not even except the church. He had the devil down outside and up the middle of every dance; in the ladies' curls, and the gentlemen's whiskers. In fact, before he finished, he proved conclusively that there were just as many devils in every pew as there were persons in it; and if it were in this our day, there would not have been swine enough in the Stock Yards to cast them into. When the people came out of church, they would ask each other, "What is your devil?" And they would stop one another in the streets during the week, and ask, "What does Parson Hinton say your devil is?" The fourth lecture contained his prescription for destroying the devil. I remember his closing: "Pray on, brethren and friends; pray ever. Fight as well as pray. Pray and fight until the devil is dead!

"The world, the flesh, the devil,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do resist him,
By faith and humble prayer."

In this grand contest with his Satanic Majesty, he, our leader, fought gloriously, but he fell early in the strife. We, his hearers, have kept up a gallant fight to this day, but judging by our morning papers, the devil is still far from being dead. Yet we dealt him some heavy blows at the recent election!

An interesting institution was the ferry-boat between the North and South sides. It was

a general intelligence office. Business was done principally upon the South Side, while most of the dwelling-houses were upon the North Side. The ferryman knew about every person in town, and could answer any question as to who had crossed. The streets had not then been raised to their present grade, nor the river deepened or widened, and the boat was easily accessible to teams. It was pulled across by a rope, and was not used enough to kill the green rushes which grew in the river. If a lady came upon the South Side to pass an evening, she would leave word with the ferryman where her husband could find her. Bundles and letters were left with him to be delivered to persons as they passed. He was a sort of superannuated sailor, and if he had not sailed into every port in the world, he had a remarkable faculty of making people think he had. His fund of stories was inexhaustible, and he was constantly spinning his interesting yarns to those who patronized his institution. Like most sailors, he could not pull unless he sung, and to all his songs had one refrain with a single variation. His voice was loud and sonorous. If he felt dispirited, his refrain was, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat." If he felt jolly (and people took particular pains to make him so), his refrain was, "And I sing as I pull on my boat." All night long this refrain was disturbing the ears of those who dwelt near the banks of the river. Song after

song was composed for him, in the hope of changing his tune, but it would not be long before he would attach to it his usual refrain. One of our musical composers composed a quadrille, which our young folks used to dance in the evening on the ferry, during certain portions of which they would all join in old Jack's refrain, and sing, "And we'll dance as we ride on the boat." There was a little boy who took great delight in Jack's company, whose parents lived on the margin of the river near the ferry, and as in the last of his sickness he was burning with a violent fever, nothing would quiet him but the sound of old Jack's voice. Old Jack had just sung, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat," when the boy whispered his last words to his mother, "And I die while Jack pulls on his boat!" Jack heard of this, and his lungs became stronger than ever. Racking both his memory and his imagination for songs, for weeks all night long he sung, with his plaintive refrain, "Charlie dies while Jack pulls on his boat." A distinguished poetess traveling at the West about this time was tarrying at the Lake House, and heard of the incident. She wrote for a New York magazine some beautiful lines appropriate to the last words of the child and the circumstances. These were reproduced in our Chicago papers, but I have in vain sought to find them. Some of our old scrap-books undoubtedly contain them, and I

would like to be the instrument of their republication.

Old Jack went to church one Sunday, and the clergyman preached from the text, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory." After church was over, the clergyman took Jack to task for making so much noise on his ferry-boat, and told him he was going to have him removed. "You can't do it," said Jack. "Why not?" said the clergyman. "Your sermon, sir, your sermon! You said we must make a practical application of it." "How can you apply that to your position?" "In this way," said Jack; "the mayor appoints a ferryman. I will just tell him, he that is ashamed of me and my boat, of him will I be ashamed when I go to the polls on the day of election!" Jack was not removed. But he went one fall to the South with the robins; but unlike the robins, he returned no more. He probably saw the coming bridge.

It was customary during the winter to give a series of dancing-parties at central points between here and Fox River, along the line of some of our main traveled roads, notices of which were generally given in newspapers. We used to have much more snow than we have now, and large sleigh-loads of people would be fitted out from the city, to meet young people from different parts of the

country. People in the country settlements were generally emigrants from the more cultivated portions of the East. United States Senator Silas Wright once told me that he could enumerate a hundred families, the very flower of the agricultural interest of St. Lawrence County, who had emigrated to west of Chicago. These settlers were not always poor; they were often men of large families who came here to obtain a large quantity of contiguous land, so as to settle their children around them. The custom at these parties was to leave Chicago about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, take supper on the way out, and engage breakfast for the morning, and after dancing all night, getting back to the city about 9 or 10 o'clock. The hotels in the country we frequently built of logs, but whether of logs or boards, were generally built in one style. Cooking-rooms, bar-room, sitting-rooms, were below, and above was one large hall, which could be used for religious services on Sunday or public meetings on a weekday, and, by suspending blankets, could be divided into sleeping-rooms. Above was the attic, which could be used for storage when the hall was cleared, and also for dressing-rooms at parties. Ladies and gentlemen could more easily find their wearing apparel when suspended from nails driven into the beams of the building than they can now from the small dressing-rooms where the clothing is in constant danger of being mixed together.

I remember one of these occasions when the country residents had begun the dance before those from the city had reached there. Country ladies were passing up and down the ladder to the dressing-room. But the city ladies would not ascend the ladder until it had been fenced around with blankets. There were always, on these occasions, mothers present from the country, who attended the young people to look after the care of their health, such as seeing that they were properly covered on their going home from a warm room, as physicians were very scarce in the country, and it was a great distance for many of them to send for medicines. These country matrons took it much to heart that the young ladies from the city were so particular in having the ladder fenced off, and were very free in the expression of their views on the subject to the elderly gentlemen present. During the evening a sleigh-load was driven up containing a French danseuse from Chicago, of considerable note in those days; and it was not long after she entered the hall before the floor was cleared for her to have an opportunity to show her agility as a fancy dancer. When she began to swing around upon one foot, with the other extended, one of these country matrons, with a great deal of indignation, ran across the hall to her son, and said, "I don't think it is proper for our young folks to see any such performance as this, and now you go right down and

tell the landlord that we want some more blankets," and the boy started before the last part of the sentence was heard, "and I'll have her fenced off by herself, as the city ladies did the ladder!" Her remarks were passed from one to another, and the company was loudly applauding them, when the applause was greatly increased by the entrance of the landlord with some blankets under his arm. The more the applause increased, the more animated became the danseuse, who took it all to herself. The fancy dance was finished, but the merriment had such an effect that one of our city young men took down the blankets around the ladder, and for the remainder of the evening the exposed ladder and the nimble French danseuse ceased to attract attention.

I have thus made you a few selections from my large casket of reminiscences of the amusements of early Chicago. But I give them as a mere appendix to my historical lecture, and do not wish them considered as any part of it, as I could have ended without them, and then have given you a lecture of ordinary length. If anyone thinks them inappropriate to this occasion, I wish to say that I respectfully concur in his views. If, however, they have served to compensate any of you for the tedium of the more historical portion of it, I will waive the question of their appropriateness, and express my gratification at having them given.

John Wentworth

[An Address delivered at the Reception to the Settlers of Chicago Prior to 1840, by the Calumet Club of Chicago, May 27, 1879.]

I WAS gratified to receive an invitation to attend this union of the old settlers of Chicago, and still more gratified to find enclosed in the invitation a printed list of the others who had been invited. It is with pleasure also that I learn that since the list was printed, others, whose residence at that time were unknown, have been invited. I have long wanted such a list—a list of our living pioneers, a directory of our living historians. Men often call upon me to make inquiries concerning past events; and when I feel unable to give them correct answers, I try to think of some person now living who can. But it has been difficult to tell who were living, and, if living, where they lived. Now I have a directory of the living. This list furnishes me with an index to the voluminous unwritten history of Chicago. There is scarcely an event in our early history with which some person whose name is here recorded is not associated. Every name I look at suggests some chapter in our history. I prefer to speak from this list, as the room is too crowded for me to recognize

all, and yet there are many who are prevented by the various necessities of life from attendance. I feel safe in saying that all absent old settlers are with us in spirit, and will look with interest for our proceedings. I have tried to shake hands with all, and I have noticed no one yet whom I have not readily recognized. And all seemed to know me, and I think there is no one here who has not some time voted for me for some position, dependent upon his concurrence with my views upon the measures of public policy then pending.

When I first entered the room, I exclaimed, "History, Chicago's History!" and whilst I was remarking to some older settlers than myself that I had lived in the state long enough to have shaken hands with all of our governors but three, I noticed in the crowd Colonel Gurdon S. Hubbard (who was here in 1818), who must have shaken hands with the other three. And now my eye catches a glimpse of Colonel Edmund D. Taylor, who has shaken hands with every governor Illinois ever had, state or territorial. I tell you, Mr. President, if I am to make a short speech, it is going to be dangerous to look around, and quite as dangerous to keep looking at this list. Chapter after chapter of our history is flitting across my mind so rapidly that my tongue cannot keep pace with my thoughts. Colonel Taylor must be the oldest Illinoisan in the room, if not in this part of the state. He came here

when Illinois was a territory in 1814, containing a population of about 12,000 people, and there were a few slaves then; and the capital was at Kaskaskia. He was elected to the House of Representatives from Sangamon County, August 2, 1830, when the capital was at Vandalia, and again, August 6, 1832. He was elected to the Senate August 4, 1834, and, after participating in our early canal legislation, he received a commission from General Andrew Jackson, as receiver of public moneys at Chicago. In him you see the man who sold, at the sale commencing June 15, 1835, the first acre of land for the United States Government in this region; and the very lot upon which we are now so agreeably enjoying ourselves was sold by him at $1.25 per acre, and his first sale amounted to nearly a half million of dollars. Our more recent settlers, who are accustomed to high-priced lands, will not think this much of a sale. But, when they consider the price, they will appreciate the magnitude of the sale, it being near 400,000 acres. So here, tonight, we have the first chapter in our land history. We can here begin at the section-corner. Colonel Taylor was born in old Virginia, and he has not changed his landed jurisdiction much; for he is tonight in what was once part of the state of his birth. And this reminds me that, not long since, some one wrote me in behalf of the Historical Society of Virginia, asking me the names of our prominent citizens

who had emigrated from that state. My knowledge of birthplaces has not kept pace with our directory. So, in ignorance of the present, I referred him to the past, claiming that, if Chicago was colonized from any quarter, it must have been from old Virginia. I referred him to David McKee, whose name is upon this list. If not here tonight, two of his brothers-in-law are—Willard and Willis Scott. He was one of the very first men who were married in this city. He was married by the original settler, John Kinzie, January 23, 1827. He was the first blacksmith in our city, and carried our only mail once a month to and from Fort Wayne, Indiana. There was another Virginian, to whom I referred him, Archibald Caldwell, who kept the original Wolf Point Hotel, now living near Kershena, Wisconsin, whom I am sorry not to see here; but here is Willis Scott (not a Virginian), whose first wife was his sister. Benjamin Hall is a Virginian, whose second wife is a sister of our honored president tonight, Judge John Dean Caton. He is now living at Wheaton, Illinois, with a head full of early history. And our chaplain here tonight, Rev. Stephen R. Beggs, was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, March 30, 1801, the same month in which Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President. There may be other Virginians living, but of the deceased my memory recalls James Kinzie, our first sheriff; his brother, William Kinzie; Archibald Clybourne,

justice of the peace in 1831; his father, James Clybourne, and his brother, Henry Clybourne; our early presiding elder, Rev. Jesse Walker; John K. Clarke, the celebrated hunter; David Hall; and Samuel, John and Jacob Miller.

There is another man here tonight who revives in my mind, not only a great deal of our city's and our state's history, but of that of the entire Northwest. He was at Detroit when General Hull surrendered the American army in 1812. All of you have read the particulars of that surrender; but few of you ever heard of them from an eye-witness. And this may be the last occasion when any of you will be able to look upon a man who was present upon that occasion. So I speak to you of Mr. Mark Beaubien as a gentleman of unusual interest. It is over forty years since I heard his narrative, and also heard him sing a song in ridicule of the surrender, made by the inhabitants, which he sung in my office yesterday with the same vivacity with which he sung it before our city was incorporated. And he accompanied it with his fiddle—the same old fiddle. And who is there here tonight who has not heard that fiddle? How well it has been preserved we will show you after the refreshments have been finished. We are too old to dance upon an empty stomach. Among my pleasent recollections are those of frolics to the music of that fiddle, made up of Indians, half-breeds, Canadian French, and Americans.

And our Indians were no common Indians. They were chiefs with their families. The chiefs disliked to leave us. Long and long after their tribes departed, the chiefs remained; and, when they did go, many would revisit us. Who does not remember Chamblee (Shabonee) and Robinson (Che-che-pin-que), who died amongst us, and Billy Caldwell (Sauganash) who died September 28, 1841, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, with his tribe—although passing much of his time with us? I remember meeting, at Mr. Beaubien's, Sauganash and Shabonee. Mr. Beaubien told the story of the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, and its recapture by General Harrison. Then Sauganash and Shabonee gave an account of the battle of the Thames and the death of Tecumseh! When the Americans made the attack, Tecumseh, Sauganash and Shabonee were sitting upon a log in consultation. Shabonee was aide to Tecumseh, and Sauganash held a commission as captain in the British army under the name of Billy Caldwell. A wonderful man was this Billy Caldwell, and there are several in this room who have been upon hunting excursions with him. He owed allegiance to three governments without any renunciation. He was Captain Caldwell of the British army, Esquire Caldwell of the State of Illinois, and Sauganash, Chief of the Pottawatomies. He was appointed justice of the peace April 18, 1826, being the first

appointment after Chicago was set off from Fulton County to Peoria.

Many of us remember the part played by Mr. Beaubien and his fiddle at the marriage of the daughter of the Indian chief, Joseph Laframboise, to Thomas Watkins, a clerk in the post office, where I, for the first time, saw the original "war dance." The company was made up, in about equal numbers, of Indians, half-breeds, Canadian French, and Americans. A few days thereafter, we remember that an elegant party, for those times, was given in honor of the newly married couple by a nephew of Mark Beaubien, and the fiddle came to the front again. His name was Medore B. Beaubien, and he was a member of the first board of trustees, elected in 1833, nearly a half-century ago. He is the earliest-elected officer of Chicago now living, and the bride of that occasion, now living, is his second wife. He is the business agent of the Pottawatomie Indians, and is the mayor of the city of Silver Lake, Kansas. His name is upon this list, as also is that of his partner in Chicago mercantile business in early times, Valentine A. Boyer.

Our friend, Mark Beaubien, erected the first hotel upon the South Side, and named it after his friend, Sauganash; and it was there I took my dinner upon the first day of my arrival here, October 25, 1836. Near this hotel, he established the first ferry across the Chicago

River. At his house, the first election for trustees was held on August 10, 1833. Some one may ask if I wish it understood that the whole population was running after Mark Beaubien and his fiddle in those days. The facts would be otherwise, if I did. For here were Philo Carpenter, Grant Goodrich, both now present (to say nothing of the many noble dead), who were organizing Bible societies, temperance societies, home and foreign missionary societies, and otherwise sowing the seed which has made our city the most reverential and moral city of its size in the world—the City of Churches—the city where ambitious and destitute congregations send for their best preachers, and from which vacant dioceses select their best bishops. I was much interested in a recent lecture upon early Methodism in Chicago, delivered by Grant Goodrich. It is often said the good die young. The gray hairs and bald heads in this assemblage contradict the assertion. The old settlers of Chicago are passing their threescore years and ten, and are still invoking Providence to point out to them paths of usefulness.

I see Willis Scott here, who had to go to Peoria in 1830 for his marriage license. There are several persons here who were here when the first steamboat arrived to bring General Scott and his troops for the Black Hawk War. Here is Judge R. N. Murray, who was one of General Scott's soldiers, and marched under

him to the Rock River Valley. There are persons here who have lived in Fulton County, Peoria County, and Cook County, and never changed their residence. If John Watkins is not here, he ought to be, for he taught our first district school and was the first clerk of our first school district, and is living near Joliet. Philo Carpenter and Grant Goodrich were upon the excutive committee of our first Bible society, formed in 1835, and it would be difficult to name any good cause in which they and Tuthill King were not engaged. Deacon Carpenter was the master spirit in forming the first anti-slavery society, and knew better than any other man the safest, if not the shortest, route from Chicago to Canada. There are several attorneys here who were in active practice before our city was organized, and both the members of the firm of Goodrich & Fullerton yet live here. And here is J. Young Scammon, who published the second volume of the Illinois Supreme Court reports, and now we are upon our ninetieth volume. If our state had adopted the plan of most states and only published one volume each year, he would be much over one hundred years of age by this time. And here is ex-Chief Justice John Dean Caton, whose opinions have helped make up those reports. And here are the names of Joseph N. Balestier, Isaac N. Arnold, Andrew J. Brown, Henry W. Clarke, Hugh T. Dickey, Grant Goodrich, James Grant, Thomas Hoyne,

Alonzo Huntington, Buckner S. Morris, Mahlon D. Ogden, Mark Skinner, and Wm. B. Snowhook. Here are physicians who were here before our city was organized: Dr. D. S. Smith, Dr. L. D. Boone (since mayor), and Dr. John W. Eldridge, who was, in 1840, elected one of the presidential electors who cast the vote of this state for Martin Van Buren. He was one of the first men to appreciate me. For he went to a Democratic congressional convention in the winter of 1837–8 and voted for me when I was constitutionally ineligible, being but twenty-two years of age. Stephen A. Douglas secured the nomination; and the man who introduced me to him, Isaac Cook, who kept, at his "Eagle," the most fashionable resort for Illinois politicians, is with us tonight. And here are a dozen men who heard the first public discussion ever held in this city, that between Stephen A. Douglas and his successful competitor, John T. Stuart, of Springfield, the only man now living, of either branch of Congress, who entered Congress from Illinois before I did. Dr. Eldridge, however, got his man in 1843, and Douglas also had to wait until I went with him. Our first medical college was chartered in 1837, and here tonight are three of the original trustees, Grant Goodrich, Edmund D. Taylor, and John D. Caton. How many old merchants are there here tonight on this list? Philo Carpenter, Tuthill King, Devotion C. Eddy,

Mathew S. Molony, Horatio G. Loomis, Wm. H. Adams, Wm. Osborn, Gurdon S. Hubbard, J. Milo Strail, Eli B. Williams, Oren Sherman, E. S. Wadsworth, W. H. Taylor, Edwin Blackman, V. A. Boyer, James E. Bishop, Samuel J. Surdam, Edmund D. Taylor, Stephen F. Gale, M. L. Satterlee, Ed. K. Rodgers, Sidney Sawyer, M. B. Beaubien, Walter Kimball, Jabez K. Botsford, Joel C. Walter, George Chacksfield, Benj. W. Raymond, T. B. Carter, and others. Colonel Hubbard, in 1835, advertised that a schooner had just arrived, bringing him fresh goods only twenty days from New York. And here is Arthur G. Burley, the oldest continuous merchant in our city. I found him a clerk in the store of John Holbrook when I came here. He was in business in 1838, and I still buy my crockery of him. He was burned out in 1839, as well as in 1871, going into the fire like the salamander and coming out like the phœnix.

This list furnishes index to the whole history of our fire department. Late in 1835, Colonel Gurdon S. Hubbard engaged our first hand engine in New York, but not in time for it to reach Chicago that year. Captain John M. Turner was the first foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, and was promoted from that place to be our first chief engineer, March 11, 1837, the oldest now living; and here are the names of some of his successors: Alanson S. Sherman, Luther Nichols, and

Stephen F. Gale. We have here tonight eight members of the original fire company organized in 1835, viz.: Jabez K. Botsford, Isaac Cook, Silas B. Cobb, Charles Cleaver, John L. Wilson, Wm. H. Taylor, Grant Goodrich, and Tuthill King. Would you not like to see them running with the machine now? The fire company held its meetings in the Presbyterian church, for whose dimensions, as compared with our present engine-house, I refer you to Deacon Benjamin W. Raymond. Our early clergymen are well represented on this list also. Besides our venerable chaplain, who tells us he was here in 1831, I see the name of Reverend Jeremiah Porter, who was here in 1834, and of Luke Hitchcock and Flavel Bascom who came after. There were no baptismal fonts in those days. But, purer than old Jordan ever was, the Chicago River was good enough for immersion. I remember upon one cold day early in February, 1839, seeing seventeen immersed, and Chicago's honored architect, present here tonight, John M. Van Osdel, was one of them.

This list shows that our early surveyors are nearly all living. Here is the name of Amos Bailey, who was county surveyor before our city was organized; and of Asa F. Bradley, his successor, who held the office until 1849; and James H. Rees, our first city surveyor, and here by my side sits Alex. Wolcott, our present and long-time surveyor, elected in 1855,

a settler of 1834, who has waded every marsh in our county; and, whilst sitting in his office, can describe the precise spot where we can find any section-corner. And here also is the name of E. B. Talcott, who was town surveyor under the government of the Trustees. Here is the name of Augustine D. Taylor, who saw the first printing-press landed at our Chicago Harbor, in 1833; and here is Walter Kimball, who was in the office when the first newspaper, *The Chicago Democrat*, was struck off, November 26, 1833.

Too late for him to attend, an invitation was sent to Captain Morgan L. Shapley, at Meridian, Texas, who was employed at Buffalo in June, 1833, to come here and assist at the commencement of the works at our harbor. A. V. Knickerbocker should be here, son of the first clerk of the harbor works, who continued in that capacity many years. And here is C. B. Dodson, one of the first contractors. Lieutenant A. A. Humphreys, now general, and chief of engineers at Washington city, who took charge of the harbor works as early as 1838, could give us some very pleasant reminiscences of early Chicago, and so could Colonel Jesse H. Leavenworth, who succeeded him. I do not find the name of Jefferson Davis upon this list, nor see him present. But he was engaged in the survey of Lake Michigan about 1832, and I was surprised to learn, upon my first acquaintance with him, how many of our

early settlers he knew and how kindly he spoke of them. He contended that Calumet, instead of Chicago, should have been the city.

You have the whole history of our canal here. Besides Colonel Edmund D. Taylor and Colonel Gurdon S. Hubbard, who participated in the early canal legislation, you should remember that one of the first board of canal trustees is present in the person of Colonel Hubbard himself, who was elected representative from Vermillion County, in this state, August 6, 1832. And here is E. B. Talcott, one of the first engineers. There was a grand celebration here upon the fourth of July, 1836, and the people all went to Bridgeport to see Colonel W. B. Archer (for whom Archer Avenue is named), as acting commissioner, take out the first shovelful of earth; and two of the marshals, Walter Kimball and Edmund D. Taylor, are now present. And there are a great many of the original canal contractors here present, and others are upon this list. Now we are in the habit of considering contractors a sort of business tramps, making their homes wherever they overtake a job. But not so with our contractors. Representing in Congress the entire canal line from Chicago to LaSalle, I think I had a personal acquaintance with all of them. With a little reflection, I think I could point out the job of each man. And how few ever left our state. They mostly remained among us and have ranked among our leading citizens;

one governor, several mayors, senators, representatives, taking an active part in developing our resources and in advancing our moral and educational interests. They were a very far-seeing body of men also. Do you not suppose that George Armour had his great elevator in view when he was digging the canal? Here is General Hart L. Stewart, who knew if he took a boy for the canal's first congressman, he would finally grow to it! He was vice-president of the congressional convention which assembled at Joliet, May 18, 1843, over thirty-five years ago, our deceased lieutenant-governor, John Moore, being president. And while upon the subject, let me remark that here is W. T. Burgess, one of the secretaries, and also upon this list Hugh T. Dickey, the other, and also Colonel W. B. Snowhook, Henry W. Clarke, Colonel Julius M. Warren, and Judge R. N. Murray, who were delegates. If my twelve years in Congress were of any service, you can thank these men who helped set the ball in motion.

I see the president of one of the old boards of town trustees, Eli B. Williams, and one of his colleagues, Asahel Pierce, here, and in justice to that board it should be said that it was wound up without owing a dollar. And that is the way that every corporation should wind up. But we have had scarcely another wound up in the same way. I do not see Nelson R. Norton present, who built our first

drawbridge, upon Dearborn Street, in 1834; and the old steamer *Michigan*, Captain Chelsey Blake, was the first to pass through it. He also built, in 1835, the sloop *Clarissa*, the first sail vessel launched on Lake Michigan. He resides at Alden, Minnesota. He was the Whig candidate for alderman from the old sixth ward at our first charter election, and is the only man upon that ticket now living.

If you ask what were the principal entertainments in those days, I would answer: The meetings of the debating society, in which all citizens took an interest. Colonel Hans Crocker, now living at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was the first secretary, in 1835. In that year, one of the questions was: "Are the frequent Indian disturbances owing to the clemency extended to the Indians by the general government?" Grant Goodrich, now present, led the debate in the negative, and I think he would do so again if the debate should be opened. As this question has never been settled, and as the man who led the debate in the affirmative is not living, I will appoint Major-General Philip H. Sheridan to take his place. We had occasional theatrical performances. My earliest recollection in this respect runs back to the time when Joseph Jefferson, who has gained such a reputation as Rip Van Winkle, made his appearance at about ten years of age. Little did we then think that the lad that we were applauding as a matter of encouragement was to receive upon his merits

the applause of the nation. When I hear of Joe Jefferson's fame, I cannot forget that it was Chicago people who gave him his first "send-off." There are many persons here present who remember when the Indian tribes all through the Northwest assembled at Chicago to receive their annuities. And still more remember when the Indians were finally removed from all this region of country, and our Fort Dearborn was abandoned by the national troops.

There are many persons here tonight who attended the first meeting called to take into consideration the provisions of our city charter, on the evening of January 23, 1837. All went pleasant until we came to the limitation upon our city debt. Hon. Henry Brown, the historian, the name of whose son, Andrew Jackson Brown, is upon the list, in the advocacy of a liberal policy, contended that the child was then living who would see fifty thousand people here. A gentleman, whose name I afterward learned was Walter L. Newberry, was very active in opposing the debt policy; and, when the negative vote was called for, he seized me by the coat-collar, as I was sitting, and said, "Stand up, young man." I responded that I was not a voter. He asked, "Don't you intend to live here, and don't you expect to get rich?" I admitted that I did. He gave my collar an extra pull, and said, "Well then, stand up! Give these men the power, and they will abuse

it, until they bankrupt us!" And up I stood, and I have been thus standing on similar votes and occasions ever since. Ever after upon all matters of taxation, Mr. Newberry and I acted together. I became associated with him in banking, in railroading, in the board of education, and in many other capacities, and found him an inveterate foe to the generally received doctrine that a man's moral responsibility was any less for his public and corporate action than for his individual action. He believed in saving as well as in earning, and was one of the very few, if not the only one, of our reputed millionaires, who proved to be such after his death. His farewell words to me were of the same meaning as his first: "Keep up the fight!"

Our first mayor, Wm. B. Ogden, is dead; but upon this list is the name of our first city clerk, Isaac N. Arnold; and you all see the city clerk under our fourth mayor, Thomas Hoyne. And the publisher of the first corporation newspaper is now addressing you. Here are two of the members of our first board of aldermen, John Dean Caton, of the third, and Asahel Pierce, of the fourth ward, these two wards then embracing the whole West Side. In Judge Caton's ward there were but 38 votes; and in Mr. Pierce's 59, making only 97 votes on the entire West Side. There were only 709 votes in the entire city. The house where the first election in the fourth ward was

held, then known as the Green Tree Hotel, afterward the Chicago Hotel, just west of the Lake Street bridge, northeast corner of North Canal Street, is the oldest building in our city. It was, at one time, the best place for public meetings and parties on that side of the river.

The name of the second mayor, Buckner S. Morris, is upon the list. But Edward H. Hadduck and Eli B. Williams, of the first ward, and Grant Goodrich of the sixth, who were upon his board of aldermen, are present. Mr. Hadduck was one of the judges of election of the first ward at our first municipal election, the year before, and is the only one of the judges at that time now living. I was challenged because I was a boy, and Mr. Edward H. Hadduck administered the oath. Strange as it may seem, the same charge of being under age met me again when I first ran for Congress, and I suppose I was the youngest man in Congress when first elected. I did not begin to fill up, although as tall as I am now, until about 35 years of age; and my whiskers were so late in coming, and so many persons were going into the business, that I never cultivated the crop.

Our third, who was also our sixth mayor, Benjamin W. Raymond, is here tonight with both his aldermen from the third ward, in 1839, Ira Miltimore* and William H. Stow; and also Charles McDonnell, of the second, and Alanson

*Died June 10, 1879.

S. Sherman, of the third ward, in 1842; and this is the same Sherman who was mayor in 1844. Here are the names of Julius Wadsworth, of the first ward, and John Gage, of the third ward, in 1840, and here is the name of John Davlin, of the first ward, and I see present Chas. Follansbee, of the first, and Peter Page of the second, of the board of 1841. Here is the name of Hugh T. Dickey, alderman of the first, in 1843. Here is Elihu Granger, one of the aldermen from the fifth ward, in 1844. Here are J. Young Scammon, of the first, in 1845, Levi D. Boone, and Wm. M. Larrabee, of the sixth, in 1846, Robert H. Foss, of the fourth, William B. Snowhook and James Lane, of the ninth, in 1847, John C. Haines, of the fifth, in 1848, afterward mayor, William H. Adams, of the third, and Amos G. Throop of the fourth, in 1849, and Isaac L. Milliken, of the second, in 1850. I will carry the details no farther. I wanted to show you, in the destruction of so many records, how much of personal memory there is to substitute for them. Although the mayors prior to and including 1850 are all dead but three, we have here some member of every board covering that period, and there are a large number, about thirty here, who have been aldermen since. And Alderman Throop, of the board of 1849, is in the Council now. And here is Amos Grannis, an old settler, his colleague, of the present year, from the fourth

ward; it seems that Young America yet has some appreciation of the old settlers. I will add, however, that we have seven other mayors here on this list of old settlers, Walter S. Gurnee, Charles M. Gray, Isaac L. Milliken, Levi D. Boone, John C. Haines, Julien S. Rumsey, and myself. I notice in this room five of our sheriffs, Isaac Cook, William L. Church, John L. Wilson, Timothy M. Bradley, and John Gray. Also we have three postmasters, Hart L. Stewart, Isaac Cook, and Samuel Hoard; four state senators, Edmund D. Taylor, Samuel Hoard, Henry W. Blodgett, and John C. Haines; one speaker of the House of Representatives, Elijah M. Haines; and six members of the House, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Drummond, Augustus H. Burley, J. Young Scammon, Mark Skinner, and Hart L. Stewart. Three judges of probate are here, Walter Kimball, Mahlon D. Ogden, and Thomas Hoyne. Two members of Congress are here, Isaac N. Arnold, four years, under Abraham Lincoln; and myself, twelve years, at different periods, commencing with John Tyler and ending with Andrew Johnson. Were it appropriate, I could give some very early history, having served with men who were born before the American Revolution, and with one, John Quincy Adams, who heard the guns at the battle of Lexington. *Sufficit* to say, that I have represented twenty-two counties running east to the Indiana state line, west to the

Mississippi River, north to the Wisconsin state line, and south to the Quincy, Springfield, and Wabash districts. It takes twelve men to represent that territory now.

Here I see William Lock, S. J. Surdam, and James A. Marshall, members of the first Masonic lodge ever organized in Chicago, and the eighteenth in the State, old "LaFayette," with Carding Jackson, master; and here are members of the first Odd Fellows lodge also, and the ninth in the state, "Union," A. G. Burley, S. B. Walker, E. W. Densmore, Jerome Beecher, D. Horton, and H. H. Husted.

Here are two members of the first board of water commissioners, H. G. Loomis, and A. S. Sherman; and one member of the first board of sewerage commissioners, Sylvester Lind.

Two United States district attorneys, Thomas Hoyne and Mark Skinner, are here. Two state's attorneys are here, James Grant and Alonzo Huntington. In 1840, July 10th, John Stone was hung. Mr. Huntington prosecuted, at the trial, and here is Robinson Tripp, who, with myself, was upon the jury. But, prior to that, in 1835, there was another murderer, Joseph F. Norris, who took a change of venue to the nearest county, then Iroquois, where he was convicted and hung, June 10th, 1836, from the limb of a tree. James Grant, now present, was the prosecutor, and the late Henry Moore, with whom I commenced the study of law in this city, defended him. I need not tell you

that we have one Supreme Court judge here, John Dean Caton. And then we have here, or upon this list, three Circuit Court judges, or judges under different names with equivalent jurisdiction—Hugh T. Dickey, Buckner S. Morris, and Mark Skinner. One United States district judge, Henry W. Blodgett, is here. And who does not know that that veteran in jurisprudence, our United States circuit judge, Thomas Drummond, is here, his original commission bearing the signature of "Old Rough and Ready," General Zachary Taylor? And this suggests, what a museum of commissions we could establish here tonight, and full of all sorts of historical reminiscences. Colonel E. D. Taylor would bring forward his commission from General Andrew Jackson, as receiver of public moneys. And Ed H. Hadduck his commission for the same office from General W. H. Harrison. Jackson, Harrison, Taylor! What suggestive names! And then our United States district judge, Henry W. Blodgett, present tonight, could bring forward his commission from the more recent General Ulysses S. Grant. And Mark Skinner could bring his as United States district attorney; and Eli B. Williams, as register of the Chicago land-office from John Tyler; and Hart L. Stewart, as postmaster, from James K. Polk; and Wm. B. Snowhook, as collector of the port, from Franklin Pierce; and Isaac Cook, as postmaster, from James Buchanan; and

Samuel Hoard, as postmaster, from Abraham Lincoln. The appointees of President Van Buren, and Acting President Millard Filmore are numbered with the dead. Acting President Andrew Johnson knew not the old settlers, and President Rutherford B. Hayes has not recognized us as yet. If he wants his name in such a museum there is still an opportunity.

I should have stated that the first collector of our port is here, Colonel William B. Snowhook. And here is the history of the first railroad built from Chicago, from its organization to its final "gobbling up." I see my colleagues, Benj. W. Raymond, Silas B. Cobb, and Edward K. Rodgers, here. And here are the names of William M. Larrabee, our secretary, and Edward B. Talcott, our superintendent. The modern railroad men change our name from "old settlers" to "old fogies," as we paid our debts and never omitted a dividend. We paid our president $1000, and I audited the accounts for the love of it.

The first bank was started here in 1835, the Chicago branch of the Illinois State Bank, and here I see three of its original directors, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Edmund D. Taylor, and Walter Kimball. And here is also Ezra L. Sherman, the teller.

Our school boards are well represented here, although I see no one here whose appointment bears date prior to mine, in 1838. Isaac N. Arnold is still in the board, and here are also

Edwin Blackman, Charles N. Holden, Philo Carpenter, Samuel Hoard, and Mark Skinner, once of the board.

Who does not remember the old auction-house of Garret, Brown & Company, where the mellifluous voice of the late mayor, Augustus Garret, was heard every evening in selling lots all over the Northwest. Here is the name of Nathaniel J. Brown, of that firm, if anyone wants to know the extent of the town-lot business in those days.

If any of you wish information of wars, I would say that here are men whose experience leads them to the War of 1812, Black Hawk War, and several other Indian wars, and the Mexican War, as well as the War of the Rebellion. The Mexican War is considered a small affair as compared with the latter; but its importance will be highly appreciated when we consider that it gave us our Pacific possessions, and that the Pacific Railroad was its legitimate consequence.

I notice among those who have given us this splendid entertainment several young men, and it is but natural that they should inquire if we had no society men in those days. Our early settlers were generally society men, but they never let society interfere with their business. If our accomplishments have not already been demonstrated, perhaps we can make a more pleasing demonstration, when to the tunes of Mr. Beaubien's fiddle, that same old fiddle,

we shall ask you to join in the dance of your parents and grandparents. Oh! that that fiddle could speak! How many pleasant memories would it revive. I notice a gentleman here who was a model of a society man. He was at his place of business promptly every day and at parties every night. After sunset he would go farther to attend a party, dance longer, and be back at his place of business earlier the next morning than any man in the city. He has lived in pleasure and to profit. He brought nothing here; his notes never went to protest, and now he has nearly means enough to pay the debts of almost all our modern society men. If the society men of these days would but follow his example, work as well as play, save as well as earn (to use a granger phrase), they would find a great deal more corn on their Cobb. I notice also here the ever pleasant countenance of our old-time master of ceremonies, the Lord Chesterfield of the frontier. When DuPage County was created from Cook, our people did not object to losing the territory, but they solemnly protested against setting off Colonel Julius M. Warren. But when the new county elected him to the legislature, Chicago found it had an additional member. Every hotel-keeper within a radius of fifty miles would give at least one party during the year and as no party could be a success without Colonel Warren, he always had the naming of the days, and when his name was printed upon the invitations

as manager, no weather could prevent a crowd. Nor must I forget James A. Marshall, who is in our midst, the great innovator upon old-fashioned dances. He introduced the quadrille, and those who were too old to learn, objected to coming to a frolic and then having to sit still while the quadrille was danced. The matter was compromised at first by having quadrilles while supper was being eaten, thus making Mr. Marshall and his followers eat at the second table. Mr. Beaubien soon found out that he could call quadrille changes while fiddling, and whoever went into his hotel by day could hear him practicing, calling out, "Balance all," "Forward two," "Cross over," "Chassé," "Dos-à-dos," etc., until the Indians, half-breeds, servant girls, stage drivers, barkeepers, and all his guests, were well posted. Then our friend Marshall stirred up a furious tempest by introducing the waltz. Most parents disapproved of it, their daughters rather liked it, but the clergymen opened a tremendous battery upon it. Previously they had not objected to the attendance of members of their church. Sometimes, they would even permit their daughters to attend our parties and would come themselves to accompany them home. And they would come early. For they liked our suppers.

Gentlemen, in my zeal I have forgotten the length of time I have been talking. Nothing is so near my heart as the restoration and per-

petuation of our history destroyed by the fire. I want to re-establish the old landmarks, and here is the material to do it with. There never will be so many old settlers together again. I look upon this list as an index to our history. I see different and interesting chapters in every countenance. Let each one write out what he remembers and leave it with his friends, or what is better, with the Historical Society; being as particular as possible as to dates.

You called upon me for a speech, but I have preferred to inaugurate a class in early history. Here, in this list of invited guests, is my roll of scholars. I have prepared blank text-books, and named a few chapter headings, under which you can write your experience or add other chapter headings, and write under them as your experience may best dictate or your memory best serve you. And, if you but do what you are able to do in this respect posterity will be under obligations to The Calumet Club of Chicago for bringing us together tonight, as profound and many times more lasting than even we are under for its unparalleled hospitality.

John Dean Caton

[An Address delivered at the Reception to the Settlers of Chicago Prior to 1840, by the Calumet Club of Chicago, May 27, 1879.]

THE pleasing duty has been assigned me by my associates of years gone by of expressing our feelings toward you for your kind words and generous hospitality. It is a task I feel quite unable to perform. Words are wanting which will adequately express the sensibilities which are awakened in the bosom of each one of us, whom your generous forethought has brought together here; who, forty years or more ago, made the little hamlet of Chicago their home, and devoted their energies to laying the foundations of this great city. It is gratifying to us to know that, as we are passing down the road that ends where we cannot see, those who are rising up to take our places in the labors of life feel kindly toward us, and appreciate what we have done, or at least attempted to do. As I look about me and see gathered here friends of so many years ago, I am transported back to the time when we were all young. Even then there were old men here, at least so they seemed to us, among whom I may recall Colonel Jean Baptiste Beaubien, Dr. Elijah D. Harmon, and John Wright. They

have long since passed away, but their names should never be forgotten. The old men called us boys then, with more mainspring than regulator, but we thought we were well-balanced men. You call us old men now, but we feel somewhat boyish still. It is a pleasant retrospect to go back in memory forty years—let me go back forty-six years, when I here set my stake and commenced the business of life. There were then not two hundred people here. I was an old resident of six weeks' standing before two hundred and fifty inhabitants could be counted to authorize a village incorporation under the general laws of the state. Colonel Beaubien presided at that meeting, and at his request I sat beside him as a prompter, for official honors and responsibilities were new to him.

When we had attained the dignity of a village corporation, with the wild waters of the lake on the one hand, and the broad and brilliant prairie, still untouched by the husbandman's plowshare, on the other, we thought we were a great people, and even then, though feebly, discounted the future of Chicago. Of those who were present at that memorable birth, I rejoice to see many here present. How can I express our feelings of gratitude to that Divine Hand which has so long sustained us, and bounteously lengthened out our days, and again brought us together, under conditions of so much happiness and in the enjoyment of so

goodly a measure of health? I think I can count twenty, at least, who were here forty-six years ago, when Chicago had no streets except on paper; when the wild grass grew and the wild flowers bloomed where the court house square was located; when the pine woods bordered the lake north of the river, and the east sides of both branches of the river were clothed with dense shrubbery forests to within a few hundred feet of their junction. Then the wolves stole from these covers by night, and prowled through the hamlet, hunting for garbage around the back doors of our cabins. Late in 1833, a bear was reported in the skirt of timber along the South Branch, when George White's loud voice and bell — he was as black as night in a cavern, and his voice had the volume of a fog horn, and he was recognized as the town crier — summoned all to the chase. All the curs and hounds, of high and low degree, were mustered, with abundance of firearms of the best quality in the hands of those who knew well how to use them. Soon bruin was treed and despatched, very near to where the Rock Island depot now stands. Then was the time when we chased the wolf over the prairies, now within the city limits, and I know some here were of the party who pursued one right through the little hamlet and onto the floating ice near old Fort Dearborn. Oh, those were glorious times, when warm blood flowed rapidly, no matter how low stood the mercury. Then in

winter the Chicago River was our skating rink and our race course. Let me ask John Bates over there if he remembers when we skated together up to Hard Scrabble—where Bridgeport now is—and he explained to me, by pantomime alone, how the Indians caught muskrats under the ice. And let me ask Silas B. Cobb if he remembers the trick Mark Beaubien played on Robert A. Kinzie to win the race on the ice that winter. See now how Mark's eye flashes fire and he trembles in every fibre at the bare remembrance of that wild excitement. This was the way he did it. He and Kinzie each had a very fast pony, one a pacer and the other a trotter. Mark had trained his not to break when he uttered the most unearthly screams and yells which he could pour forth, and that is saying much in that direction, for he could beat any Pottawatomie I ever heard, *except* Gurdon S. Hubbard and John S. C. Hogan. The day was bright and cold. The glittering ice was smooth as glass, the atmosphere pure and bracing. The start was about a mile up the South Branch. Down came the trotter and the pacer like a whirlwind, neck and neck, till they approached Wolf Point, or the junction, when Kinzie's pony began to draw ahead of the little pacer, and bets were two to one on the trotting nag as he settled a little nearer to the ice and stretched his head and neck further out, as if determined to win if but by a throat-latch. It was at this supreme

moment that Mark's tactics won the day. He sprang to his feet in his plank-built pung, his tall form towering above all surroundings, threw high in the air his wolfskin cap, frantically swung around his head his buffalo robe, and screamed forth such unearthly yells as no human voice ever excelled, broken up into a thousand accents by a rapid clapping of the mouth with the hand. To this the pony was well trained, and it but served to bring out the last inch of speed that was in him, while the trotter was frightened out of his wits, no doubt thinking that a whole tribe of Indians were after him, and he broke into a furious run, which carried him far beyond the goal before he could be brought down. Hard words were uttered then, which it would not do to repeat in a well-conducted Sunday school, but the winner laughed and fobed the stakes with a heartiness and zest which Mark alone could manifest.

There is an inspiration in the memory of those glorious days of fun and frolic which quickens the pulse to full youthful vigor, and now to see so many of those around me who were the life and soul of those hilarious times, transports me back to them, and makes me feel as if no long years of toil had rolled along since then. We forget for the moment the intervening time and remember only the broad, unbroken prairie, which then extended for miles around the spot where this hall stands. But

you must not think that all our time was spent in fun and frolic. Our sports were but episodes, while our days and nights were spent in labors inspired and sustained by vigorous health, indomitable will, and a full appreciation of the lifelong task before us. We felt and knew that wisdom and energy and industry could alone build up such a city as its geographical position seemed to require. The spirit manifested by those who commenced the work would be likely to make its impress upon the teeming throngs which were already hastening to join us from the East and the South, and the wonderful work wrought by those who joined and came after us, and which have just been so truthfully and so eloquently described, we flatter ourselves were in part at least the followings of what we began.

To us of the olden time, who, as your guests, feel ourselves so much honored, contrasts are continually presenting themselves. *Then* and *now* ever present themselves side by side. Here I commenced my judicial career, at the age of twenty-two, as a justice of the peace. On the 14th of July, 1834, a judicial election was held in this town, including the village and surrounding country, for one justice of the peace. The canvass was very warm and active by the friends of the two candidates, though no party politics were involved in the contest, as I think there never should be in judicial elections. One candidate received 172 votes,

and the other received 47 votes. But 219 voters could be found in Chicago and vicinity. Probably this was the last election ever held here when every voter came to the polls. Indeed, I regret to say that the most enterprising and thoroughgoing men here have rarely taken time to go and vote, and their example has been too largely followed, though not by the baser sort. At the last presidential election, three years ago, Chicago polled 62,448 votes, and yet a large number of voters took no interest in the matter, or at least took more interest in their stores or their shops. I doubt if much more than two thirds of the voters in this city have voted since 1840. How can we resist noticing the contrast between 219 in 1834, and 62,448 in 1876, especially when we remember that the latter number was heavily handicapped?

On that same 14th of July, an event occurred of a commercial character which should render it memorable, and it deserves to be recorded. On that day came the first commercial vessel that ever passed the piers into the Chicago harbor — the *Ariadne*, Captain Pickering. Early on that morning the friends of the successful candidate assembled at the piers, which consisted of a few wooden cribs, and dragged the schooner across the bar into deep water, where all got on board and sailed in her up the river to the Point, where the election was held, shouting merrily, and were answered by those on shore

manifesting an appreciation of the important event. She was gayly decorated with all the bunting which could be raised, and we thought presented a splendid appearance, the rigging manned by all who could climb the shrouds. This kindled an enthusiasm which lasted till the last vote was polled, and no doubt contributed more to the success than the merits of the candidate. The most active and efficient man on that day, as I remember, was the late George W. Dole, who was always thoroughly in earnest, whether electioneering for a friend or attending to his commercial affairs. His memory should be ever cherished, and his name never forgotten when the founders of this city are recalled.

The contrast in the hotels and of the mode of living in Chicago, is scarcely less striking. The first night I slept in Chicago was in a log tavern, the name they went by then, west of the junction of the rivers, kept by W. W. Wattles. The next day, I learned that the best entertainment was to be had at the crack boarding-house of the place, kept by Dexter Graves, at five dollars per week. It was a log house near the middle of the square just north of the present Tremont House. If it was a log house, I assure you we had good fare and a right merry time too. There were seven beds in the attic, in which fourteen of us slept that summer, and I fear we sometimes disturbed the family with our carrying on o'nights. I know of but one of those fourteen boarders

besides myself now living. Edward H. Haddock knows who slept with me in that attic. Haddock was a sly fellow then, for before one of us suspected what he was at, he made sure of the flower of that family, and a real gem of priceless value she was, who still survives to promote the happiness of those around her. Young ladies were in demand here in those days.

The first frame tavern ever built in Chicago was by Mark Beaubien, upon whose geniality advancing years seem to have no influence. I am sure there are some here present who were then his guests. There he kept tavern, to use his own expression at that time, like—(the Judge hesitated. A voice—"How?") "Shall I say it, Mark?" (Mr. Beaubien answered, "Yes!") Well, then, he said he kept tavern "like hell!"

To go back to that primitive time, and to think of those who are gone and those who are left, we may gratefully acknowledge that a very large proportion have been spared through so many years of active life. General Strong has recalled the names of a number of the prominent early settlers of Chicago who have passed beyond the reach of your hospitality. Allow me to recall the names of two who have been taken from the ranks of my own profession, and who came to Chicago the same year with myself—1833. Their learning and their talents would have made them conspicuous at any bar.

All who knew them will join me in paying a tribute of respect to the memories of Giles Spring and James H. Collins. Besides these, there were several other lawyers who located in Chicago during the same year, among whom I may mention the name of Edward Casey, a most genial gentleman. All of these are long since gone, and I alone am left to represent that earliest Chicago bar.

(Here a question was raised by some of the old-timers as to whether Mr. James H. Collins came in the year 1833, but Judge Caton settled it, stating that he finished his legal studies in Mr. Collins' office in New York, and came directly thence to Chicago, when he wrote back to his former preceptor an account of the country, on the receipt of which Mr. Collins made his arrangements to come west, and arrived in Chicago in September, 1833; and in February following he entered into partnership with Mr. Collins in the practice of the law, constituting the firm of Collins & Caton.)

Resuming, Judge Caton said: To those who have not been eye-witnesses, it seems incredible that in the adult lifetime of so many of us here present a city of half a million of inhabitants has grown up from nothing, and that what was then a rich, wild waste for five hundred miles or more around, has been subdued, cultivated, and populated by millions of hardy, industrious, and intelligent agriculturists. The marvel is the *growth* of the *country* rather than the city.

The latter was compelled by the former, and indeed has never kept pace with it.

Still, to those who have witnessed all this, it seems more like a dream than a reality. To those who have not witnessed the growths of cities and country in this occidental land, many can hardly believe that he who addresses you now, opened the first office for the practice of the law in Chicago. They have often called me the father of the Chicago bar, and proud I am of such a progeny. In numbers they are truly great, and in ability, in learning, in integrity, and in patriotism I will proudly compare them with any other bar in the United States. I have ever tried to so bear myself that no one should blush at the mention of my name, and I most gratefully acknowledge that they have always shown me a filial affection, ever treating me with the greatest respect and confidence, omitting no opportunity to do me honor. This is a consoling reflection, and a sweet experience in the decline of life.

Would time permit, it would not be unbecoming in me to follow my friend who, in your behalf, has extended to us so cordial a welcome, in the great changes which have been here wrought in so short a time—for remember, that the period of one human life is but a day in the life of a people. But I must forbear. Really, it seems like mystery that what was but yesterday a very little village—for it seems but yesterday that I was a very young man—

has today grown to be so great a city. Sometimes despotic power has builded cities in the frozen North and in the genial South; but a Peter and a Constantine, with national resources, could never equal the magic results which we have here witnessed as the voluntary works of freeborn enterprise, here in the temperate zone, where no ancient civilization had left its work. It lacks but antiquated ruins and crumbling columns to persuade the traveler that he is in some great city of the Old World, where modern architecture has wiped out many of the evidences of departed grandeur and supplied its place with the improvements of later times. But the end is not yet. If we saw the very beginning, you too have seen but the beginning. When the youngest man among you shall have passed through the active scenes which lie before him, and shall feel that his work is nearly done, he will stand amid a succeeding generation, and tell those who shall have arisen to take the places of him and his contemporaries, of what he remembers of the present time as of the beginning of Chicago, or at least of its early youth. Then our voices will be hushed, to be no more heard forever, and may we not fondly hope that he will still kindly remember us, and that we here lived and labored before his time. So, too, may we hope that this Calumet Club may flourish those forty years or more to come, and that its members still will stretch forth the hand of welcome to

those who shall survive from now to then, as cordially as you have extended your courtesies to us.

If we have talked only of Chicago and its progress, we must not forget that Chicago is not phenomenal, but it is the whole great West that is phenomenal. We have other great cities in this grand, magnificent valley, whose growth, whose enterprise, and whose greatness should equally command our admiration; many of whose early founders are yet spared, to hear the expressions of gratitude and to receive the honors which they so richly deserve. Let us not say that there is a rivalry between these great cities of the West; but there is a noble emulation as to which shall do most for the honor and the glory of our beloved country.

Nothing would be so agreeable to me as to talk to you by the hour of ancient Chicago, when the wild waters of the lake, on the one hand, were rarely vexed by the ships of commerce, and the wild flowers which covered the broad prairies on the other, were undisturbed by cultivation and uncropped by flocks and herds—save the wild deer that roamed at large over their broad bosoms; but I fear you will think I am becoming a little senile in my enthusiasm.

Especially do I like to talk of the olden times when I see around me so many of those old-time friends, with many of whom I have not clasped hands for twenty or thirty years. Here is my old friend, Mark Beaubien, of whom I have so

often spoken—because he is so worthy of mention, and because his name is so closely interwoven with all our sports and joyous gatherings, when we were all young together. He used to play the fiddle at our dances, and he played it in such a way as to set every heel and toe in the room in active motion. He would lift the sluggard from his seat, and set him whirling over the floor like mad. If his playing was less artistic than that of Ole Bull, it was a thousand times more inspiring to those who are not educated up to a full appreciation of what would now create a furor in Chicago; but I will venture the assertion that Mark's old fiddle would bring ten young men and women to their feet and send them through the mazes of the dance, while they would sit quietly through Ole Bull's best performances—pleased, no doubt, but not enthused so that they could not retain their seats. That was long years since; but if he has that same old fiddle still, he can, I doubt not, draw the bow now in such a way as to thrill those, at least, in whom it will awaken pleasing memories of days and nights when young blood coursed wildly and joy was unrestrained. To show you that this is so, and how he did it then, I call on him to play some of those sweet old tunes, if he has that same old fiddle yet.

Jonathan Young Scammon

[An Address delivered at the Reception to the Settlers of Chicago Prior to 1840, by the Calumet Club of Chicago, May 27, 1879.]

I WISH to hear from so many of the gentlemen present, whose faces I have not seen before for many years, but whom I saw nearly forty-four years ago, when I came to Chicago, that I shall refrain from making a speech. I shall not make any remarks, except to correct, on my own account, and on account of the old settlers here, an error in the address which we have listened to with so much pleasure. I wish to tender my thanks to General Strong for the very eloquent, able, classical, and truly historical address which he has made at this meeting, and to express the wish that it will not be allowed to pass into oblivion, but will be printed in a permanent form, and placed, if not in archives of this Club, at least in the archives of the city, and of the Historical Society, and in the libraries of all the old settlers, and of the new settlers who wish to learn and remember the history of Chicago. I wish, in this connection, to correct one or two statements. It was said that Mayor Chapin recommended the sale of the first great school building, or its being converted into

an insane asylum, for the purpose of confining gentlemen in it who had been instrumental in wasting the people's money in building "big schoolhouses." It was not Mayor Chapin who made that proposition. John P. Chapin was one of the most noble men who lived in Chicago. He was an early mayor, but subsequent to Mayor Garrett, succeeding him in office in 1846, and was one of our largest and most influential and enterprising merchants—a man who always stood to the front, in favor of every true enterprise and every measure that tended to prove and extend the power, influence and prosperity of the city of Chicago.

There is one other man, now departed to his long home, however, who deserves a great deal of credit, in relation to the schools of the city, and I beg permission to say a few words in his commendation. That man was Dr. Josiah C. Goodhue, and if I recollect right, he was one of the first aldermen of the city. He was one of the committee who designed the seal of the city, which I recollect was called "Dr. Goodhue's little baby." He it was to whom we are indebted very much for our present school system. The public schools had been tried in Chicago, and proved to be a failure. While he was a member of the first council—I think every member of the council was Democratic—one evening he came into my office, which was very near then where it is now, on the south side of Lake near Clark Street,

and lamented over the condition of things in Chicago. It was after the panic of 1837, which was vastly worse than the panic of 1873, and everything was very depressed. "Nothing," he said, "could be done here in the West. The people of Chicago had voted down the free school system." You will recollect, in 1835, the people voted down the first local free school bill we had obtained from the legislature for Chicago, and he said we could not have any schools. I said, playfully, to Dr. Goodhue, we can have free schools, and if you will put the matter into my hands, I will establish a free school system that will be satisfactory to the city of Chicago. He said he would do it. I said, "You cannot do it; you and every member of the council are Democrats, and I am a Whig." He said: "That makes no difference. If you will take hold of it, you shall have unlimited power to do what you choose, and the council will sustain you." I said, if he would do that, I would give as much time as was necessary to it; but I said, he could not get the council to agree to it. He said, "I think you are mistaken; I think you can have your own way about everything. I will consult the council, and let you know next week." About a week afterward, he came to my office, and told me that the council were all agreed, and if I would take hold of the matter, I might write my own ordinances and laws, and they would give me supreme power,

within all reasonable bounds. I did so. I wish to say this, not for the purpose of recounting anything I have done, but to give to the common council of Chicago, which differed from me in politics, and of which you, Mr. Chairman [Judge Caton], were a member, and to Dr. Goodhue, the credit of the first act which culminated in the permanent establishment of the public schools of Chicago. The council put the whole matter into the hands of one of their political opponents, who was then supposed to be an ambitious man, and one who never lost that reputation until his wings were scorched by the Great Fire, in order to further the great cause of public instruction; and we are indebted now for our excellent school system to the stone that was first laid by Dr. Goodhue. I wish to say as to the first board, of which I was a member for several years, it was selected upon non-partisan and non-sectarian ideas, and served faithfully and conscientiously. The memory of some of its leading members is perpetuated in the naming of our schools.

The first public school building which was erected in Chicago was called Dearborn School, and it was on the north side of Madison Street, east of Dearborn. It was built in 1844, while I was in the board.

It was, at that time, the practice to select those who were supposed to be good men for the places of aldermen, and to insist on such men taking their turn in serving the public.

Mr. Edward H. Haddock, one of our oldest and wealthiest citizens, who is here this evening, and who had served a term as alderman of the first ward, came to my house one morning in the spring of 1845, and said: "You must run for alderman in this ward this year; and if you will run, John Calhoun (who was a Democrat, and my neighbor) will run with you, and you shall be elected without any opposition." I said I had too much to attend to, but he insisted and I finally consented to do so. When the thing was made known to the leading men of the Whig party, to which I belonged, they said the first ward was the only Whig ward, and we ought not to forego our right to put two Whigs in the council. I then said I would not run. But Mr. George W. Meeker, who was one of the board of school directors, while walking with me up Dearborn Street, met Alvin Calhoun, a prominent partisan Whig, and said to him, "We are going to nominate Scammon for alderman tonight." Mr. Calhoun replied, "We can't elect Scammon." Said Meeker, "Why not." He responded: "I have nothing to say against Scammon. He is a good man except that he goes in for building too big schoolhouses. The people don't want their money wasted in that way," and I could not get the nomination, or if I did I could not be elected. The Whig nominating convention was held that night at the old Mansion House, on the north side of

Lake Street, between State and Dearborn, and I was nominated with very slight opposition. But I declined to run so long as anyone was opposed to my nomination. Mr. Haddock then said I had no right to decline; and he offered a resolution, which was almost unanimously adopted, that I should not be permitted to decline. In consideration of the ground of opposition stated to Mr. G. W. Meeker, in my presence as before stated, I concluded to run, and to test the question whether "big schoolhouses" were unpopular, and to see whether it was true, as Alvin Calhoun had said, "that no one who built great schoolhouses could be elected." Mr. Calhoun had stated, in the conversation alluded to, that Scammon "was crazy on the subject of schools, and the people would not allow their money to be wasted." I made up my mind I would try that single question, and I got both a larger vote and a larger majority than any man had ever had for alderman in the city; and this seemed to settle the question as to the popularity of big schoolhouses.

In 1845, Augustus Garrett, the Democratic candidate, was elected mayor at the same time; and when Mr. Mahlon D. Ogden, who is now present and who was also elected an alderman at the same election that I was elected an alderman, and I took our seats in the council, the mayor read his message, in which he denounced the extravagant school policy and

proposed that the public schoolhouse on Madison Street, which was too large to be ever filled with scholars, should be sold or converted into an insane asylum.

I wish to do justice to the memory of the late John P. Chapin and to the memory of Dr. Goodhue in relation to the great question of public instruction. I am sorry I have not time to allude to other matters, or more than to mention the name of a great man to whom, in my opinion, we are indebted more than to any other, and to whom the whole Northwest is indebted for public improvements more than to any other man since I have lived in Chicago — a man who came to Chicago in 1835 — William B. Ogden.

If one minute more will be allowed to me, I wish to pay tribute of respect to one of five or six lawyers I found here in 1835, when I landed upon the then harborless shore of Chicago — one of our best citizens, who is now lying on a sick-bed on the other side of the river. He and I had an office together over forty-two years ago, precisely where my office is now. He was a man, Mr. Chairman (Judge John Dean Caton), you knew well. He was the second mayor of Chicago, and elected over a leading Democrat, while he was a Whig, in a city where the Democratic majority was so large that the year before every officer was a Democrat; but he had been a partner of Edward Casey before. He was with Judge Goodrich

afterward, and you and I know he was the best lawyer ever in the city of Chicago or any other place, on the wrong side of a question that had no merits in it. He not only had that character, but what was better, that of a good lawyer, a good man, and a good citizen, and he made a good judge of our courts, to which office he was elected by the people. I refer to the Hon. Buckner S. Morris. Peace to his last days and to his memory. I am sorry he is not here. He was one of us in the olden time. We liked him then, and we do not forget him now.

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